LONDON READER

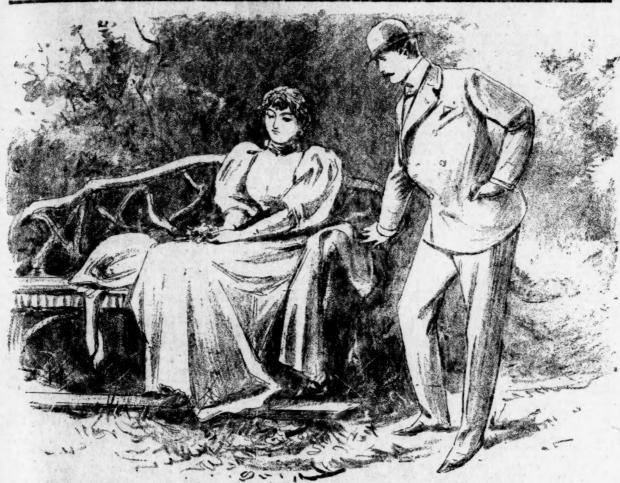
of Literature, Science, Art, and General Enformation.

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No. 1725 .- VOL LXVIL)

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 23, 1896.

[PRIOR ONE PARKE.



"I WOULD SPEND MY HEART'S BEST STRENGH TO SERVE YOU, LADY BABBARA," SAID HUGH, EARNESTLY,

LADY BARBARA.

[A NOVELETTE.]

CHAPTER I.

A LOVELY summer's afternoon, when the August sunshine was warm upon the earth, and only a soft west wind prevented its rays from being too oppressive. The scene a deserted garden—deserted because the weeds grew thick in the gravel walks; the gravs was tall and rank, the borders neglected; only such flowers as come all year after year without many her because the borders neglected; only such flowers as come up year after year without man's help bloomed there. There were roses of many kinds, old fashioned pinks and carnations, whole bushes of syrings and guelder roses, heartsease and candy tute, and many another old-world favourite gave its beauty and fragrance to embellish the spot.

Some grand old trees lent their pleasant shade, tempting one to forget the neglect, the desolation, which had first struck the eye; and there, reclining on the grans, screened from the sunshine by the spreading boughs of a grand old

chestnut, was a young girl, who looked almost part and parcel of the scene, so exactly did her careless grace and unconscious charm accord with the wild loveliness around her.

She had been christened Barbara, and she was beautiful; but save in these two respects she bore no resemblance to the heroice of the sad old

ballad.

Her second name was not Allen, but the far grander appellation of Fortescue. No one's heart was sore with love for her, for the simple reason that nobody knew her, and she could not have addressed that plaintive appeal of the other Barbara to her mother, because that mother's life ended when hers began.

Barbara sat up, and leant her head half sadly on one arm. It was a very pretty head, covered with hair of a real golden shade, which fell in wonderful rings and waves of nature's own twisting on her forehead. The forehead itself was white and broad, unshadowed as a child's; her eyes were deep, expressive blue, fringed with her eyes were deep, expressive blue, fringed with long, dark lashes; there were dimples in her cheeks, and her mouth had the saddest, most wistful little smile. Her dress was of coarse brown holland; the garden hat which lay un-

beeded at her feet was destitute of flowers or trimming; the little feet which escaped from her habort, country-made dress were encased in country hoots, which hid their dainty shape is and yet, for all that, no one would have taken Barbara Fortescue for anything but a lady.

"Eighteen to cday!" and the voice had a plaintive little ring in it. "Fanoy, and I have not had a single birthday present. Papa has not even written to me; he always used to write to me on my birthday."

A tear glistened in the blue eyes, and for a moment alse seemed going to give way to a burst of weeping, but she brushed the tear bravely away, and went on with her musings,—

"Eighteen! In books girls are always quite grown up at eighteen. They go to parties and balls, and have heaps of pleasure. Well, I don't know anyone in the world likely to invite me anywhere, and perhaps it's a good thing. I couldn't go to a party in my brown holland, and my blue silk is nearly up to my kness. As aund Julia says, it's a pity I grow so fast."

Almost ever since she could remember Barbara had lived at the Park with aund Julia; certainly in the far-off time of her infancy her father had

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used to pay short visits now and then; but now for more than ten years Lord Austruther had not been to Blankshire, and save a cold letter a-year had taken no notice of his only child.

Miss Mortimer, his dead wife's sieter, bad come to Anatruther upon the Countese's death. She had stayed there ever since, taking care of Barbara, and eking out the scanty allowance paid her by the Earl with her own slender income.

Lord Austruther had always been a poor man. Coming into a miserably encombered estate he had made no effort to free himself from his difficulties. He had no son; he had been heard to observe that he could get enough out of the old place for his lifetime, and he didn't particularly care about improving the property for the benefit

of his next of kin. So the Earl lived abroad, flinging away the money coming from his estates in gambling and other ammements—a fast dissipated man, fond of doubtful pursuits and dissolute companions. Miss Mortimer thought it just as well he cared so little for his child; at least Barbara was safe from contamination.

But, alas! there is a great gulf fixed between filty and eighteen. The pious maiden lady re-joiced in her niece's quiet, uneventful life. She surrounded her with religious cares, told her a dosen times a week that goodness was better than happiness, occupation than amusement; and Barbara listened with the semblance of respect, and never told her aunt how her whole nature thirsted for pleasure-how she would gladly have forsaken the quiet retirementa of the Park to share her father's idle, pleasure-loving existence if only he would have allowed

Poor little Barbara ! Miss Mortimer might preach at her-might instruct her diligently in dalo needlework and housekeeping; she would never after the girl's nature. Lord Austruther's daughter had a gay pritatic disposition. She admired beauty, she longed for pleasure above aught clae; and even if the discipline went on for years, she would never become a practical,

commonplace, religious person like her sunt.
The clock struck one, and Barbara roused herself from her reverie and went indoors. If the grounds of Anstruther Park looked neglected the house itself was far worse. It was with dif-ficulty that Miss Mortimer could find a few decently furnished for her own and her nicus's use.

She was sitting in the dining-room when Barare entered, looking very grant and stately. The dinner (it was always called lanch, by the way) consisted of a few slices of cold mutton served on a quaint silver dish. But Miss Mortimer could not have looked more stately had she been presiding over a royal banquet.

I'm awfully sorry I am so late, aunt i" said

Barbara, penitently, as she took her seat. Miss Mortimer deigned no answer. butler, who had grown grey in the service of the Anstruthers, waited on the ladies with assiduous attention. The meal was almost over when the uninvited sound of footsteps made even Miss

Mortimer look up.
"Someono is walking up the avenue," she said, quickly.

Barbara turned her head too late to gain a view of the intruder; but a thundering summons at the door proclaimed that a visitor had really appeared. Giles looked inquiringly at the spinster. Which would she think the least indignity-for him to leave his post, or a female

servant to be allowed to answer the door.
"You had better go, Giles i" said the lady, slowly. "I daressy it is the new clergyman called for subscriptions. You had better tell him I leave all charitable duties to the Earl of Austruther, who is absent for the present."

Oiles bowed and replied, "Yes, madam!" He thought privately charitable duties would not meet with much attention from his master. Never a man troubled himself less about such things than the gay, pleasure loving Earl.

But Mise Mortimer's prediction was not verified. It was no clergyman who stood on the terrace steps, but a young fellow of fine and open counteoe, faultiessly attired in a light morning suit,

and with an expression of such pleasant courtesy that Giles decided at once he was an acquisition. and inquired his business most respectfully.

The young man besitated. It would have seemed he really did not like his errand. "I have come from Lord Anstruther," he said

at last; "and my business is of importance. You seem an old servant; can you tell me for whom I should ask? I understood the Earl had a sister residing here."

stang ners.
A foreboding of ill seized Giles.
Miss Mortimer is here, sir," said the servant alckly. "Shall I tell her you bring a message quickly.

"Hardly that"—again the stranger hesitated.
"Will you sak her if she will see us; add my business is urgent, and I cannot explain it by letter?"

Giles ushered him into the disused drawingroom, and went in search of his mistress.

Left alone the stranger walked to the window and looked out, then he took a leisurely survey of the spartment, his keen eye taking in at a glance its quaint beauty, despite the neglect to which years of poverty had reduced it.

"It is a lovely place," exclaimed the young tiful even in its decay; and the decay is not so utter but that a liberal outlay may restore it. I wonder he could bear to stay away from such a home. Well, I promised him to come, and I am glad I have kept my word. I can judge better glad I have kept my word. I can judge better how to help them when I have seen and spoken to them. I shall never forget his words—the agenized cry in his voice—as he said, 'Barbara has no claim on you. I have neglected her all my life. I meant to send for her and begin afresh; but I could never make up my mind. I could not forgive her that she had cost her mother's life, and disappointed my hopes of a son. Poor little Barbara," went on the stranger slowly, "if you are like your mother you must have something sweet and lovable about you. Well, after all, he was father to you only in hame, so, perhaps, you won't find things so bad." He started, Miss Mortimer had entered unperceived, and now steed regarding him with stately interest, mixed with much hidden curi-

"Be scated, sir," she said, with the air of a princess, as she arranged the folds of her well-worn black silk gown. "The butler tells me you have come from my brother-in-law, the Earl of Anstruther."

Yes," replied Hugh Norman, simply. "I

silence short and uncomfortable. Miss Mortimer was scanning her visitor and trying to make out the object of his coming. He did not look much like the friends she had seen the Earl gather round him. What could have brought him to the Park !

"Doubtless the Earl entrusted you with a essage," began Miss Mortimer, stiffly.

" Hardly that. He asked me-I meangive me. I never was good at breaking news. I was with the Earl on his deathbed, and he charged me to come to England and bring the news myself to Anstruther

A white scared look came to Miss Mortimer's face. This was the very last news she had ex-pected—the very last she had wished for. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she had What a handsome, comely man! How full of hope and life. Still the hope had never been realized. From the hour of his wife's death his career had been one downward path. He had never given a father's love to his child, and ye: Barbara had always seemed to yearn for his notice and regard. Well, she would never have it

Mr. Norman saw the tears in the old maid's

eyes. "Forgive me," he said, kindly. "I ought to have been more cautious; but I am not used to

She grew calmer, only a restless interlacing of her thin fingers told him her agitation.

"It was very sudden. We were staying at Wiesbaden, and he inshead on going for a ride alone. The lines was not properly broken in;

everyone had told him so. But he was a fearless rider, and no remonstrances would avail. He was brought back insensible; the brute had thrown him, and then, two hours afterwards, all was over.

"And this wa

" Last week. By his own wish he was buried "Last week. By his own wish he was buried in Germany. His next-of-kin, Launcelot Fortescue, attended the funeral as chief mourner."

"Buried!" gasped Miss Mortimer, "dead and buried! And this child wondering why he does not write to her. I never heard of such a thing."

"I would have come sooner," returned Hugh, "but it was impossible. He left his kinaman role-

executor to his will and guardian to his only child. The new Earl would have come himself with me, but he feared it might be considered an intrusion

He was interrupted. The door opened suddenly, and there entered a girl whose face touched his heart. It was the same face he had seen in the Earl's locket, only younger and more beauhis heart tifal.

What is the matter ? " cried Barbara, advanc-"What is the matter?" cried Barbara, advancing to meet the two, who stood as though spellbound at her presence. "Aunt Julia, has this
gentleman brought bad news? Is papa ill?"
One look at her face, and Hugh knew the truth
would be kindest. Very gently he told her what
be had already told her aunt.

"And you were with him?" asked the girl,

with a piceous quivering of her lip. "You a stranger, soothed his last hours, while I—"
"He did not look on me as a stranger," said Hugh, soothingly, "and, besides, his kinsman was with bim. Believe me, Lady Barbara, he would have sent for you had there been any time. He did not forget you; he died with your name on his lips. His last words commended you to your cousin's care."

"I haven't got a cousin."

"Mr. Fortescue—I mean Lord Anstruther, is your cousin. He was your father's next of-kin." A strange look of anguish crossed the girl's

"And will be come here? I remember no aunty told me this place was only ours while papa lived. Oh! Mr. Norman, have you come to turn us out—to tell us we must leave the Park 1

She had often longed for a changelonged to see the gay, bright world that lay beyond her own little village, but only now did she realize how dearly she loved the Park, how leaving it would be to her cruel exile,

Hugh Norman never hesitated.

"Lord Anstruther gave me no such errand. He is a rich man-so rich that he has other homes as grand as this. I am quite sure he would never wish you to leave here while you care to stay. He told me to assure your aunt of this!

"I suppose he will come here!" said Miss "He could hardly expect us to accept Mortimer. his hospitality on a mere message.

A flush dyed Mr. Norman's brow.
"I do not think Lord Austruther will come e, madam! He is a busy man, and know-that I was to see you, he trusted to me entirely.

"Have you known him long?"

"Nearly six and twenty years."
"You are jesting!" said the spinster, re-

"No, madam ! I have known Lord Anstruther all my life. My parents loved him

Barbara had vanished; perhaps she feared her composure would break down.

Is he a good man ?" asked Miss Mortimer,

hindly.

Poor Hugh felt puzzled.

"He's not a bad fallow, madam! A true friend, and an honest enemy."

"And you think I should not be encouraging

the wicked by acceding to his proposals?"

This was enignatical, but Mr. Norman was quite equal to the occasion.

I am sure it would hurt his feelings very much if you refused."

"Then you may tell him I accept. I are a poor woman, Mr. Norman, and it is something

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to have a roof over my head. Eighty pounds a year would not provide a luxurious home for Barbara and me. Hugh spent rather more each year on cigare alone.'

May 23, 1896.

"But surely there will be some provision for your nices? Lady Barbara cannot be entirely

dependent on you?"

We have had stray banknotes from her father," admitted Miss Mortimer; "but he told me plainly he had no power to leave her anything. If abe were not such a child she would be able to earn her own living, but she is so young, and with her unfortunate appear-

"It must not be thought of," said the gentleman, decidedly. "You will allow me to report
to the Earl the success of my mission. I shall
have the pleasure of forwarding to your niece, a
few memorials of her father."

He put out his hand, and Miss Mortimer took
it heartily. She liked his frank, outspoken
manner, and felt almost inclined to twite him to
etay the night, but prudence prevailed.

(I cen't make out what you are crains for."

"I can't make out what you are crying for," she said, when she found Barbara in tears. "You can't remember your father. You had one spark of affection for him." You can't have

and one spark of affection for him."
I always hoped he would send for me and
the me love him some day," pleaded Barbara,
"and now I can never see him again."
"It won't make any difference, child. We
ahall just live on in the old home in the old

"But don't you see," cried Barbara, with a cort of choked sob, "before we had a right to be here, and now we're just two paupers living on charity. The home isn't really ours a bit. At any moment Lord Anstruther might turn us out. It isn't our house, it isn't our garden; averything, from the old trees to the smallest bit of furniture, is his."

of furniture, is his."

Miss Mortimer had no patience with the delicate, sensitive pride of Barbara's nature.

"You're a bad, ungratefut girl!" she said, with a smothered sigh, "and there'll be little happiness for you in this world or the next if you don't mend your ways."

In the course of a week changes had come to the quiet old mandon. Miss Mortimer had been mistaken in thinking things would go on "just the same."

the same.

First, a grave, legal person came down, armed with the Larl's instructions. He offered Giles and the old housekeeper liberal terms to remain in his client's service.

He made a list of such retainers as would be required under them; he announced that in a few days workmen would come from London and put the house in a complete state of decorative repair; that after this furniture and ornaments would be sent to embellish the almost empty rooms; gardeners were to begin at once to restore the grounds to their old splendour.

Mr. MacGrant, the rapacious steward, who had been the chief agent of the late lord's extersions, was to be dismissed, his place would be filled by a personal friend of Lord Austruther—Hugh

Giles and his wife stared.

"It'll cost a mint of money, sir."

"The new Earl is a rich man."

"And MacGrant's cottage isn't fit for a gentleman. Mr. Norman looks as if he had been used to different things."

to different things."

¹ Mr. Norman is quite contented."

Miss Mortimer was gratified by receiving an antograph letter from the new master of the Park, in which he fully recognised his niece's claims on him. He said,—

"So long as the ladies remained at his house he would forward a yearly sum of two hundred and fifty pounds for the personal expenses of Lady Barbara. Should she tire of the Park and what for a new home this allowance would be doubled."

"Your cousin is a liberal man," said Miss Mortimer, looking into Barbara's troubled eyes, "I hate him."

"Barbara !"

"Then why does he do it?" struggling with her sohn. "He is making me live on charity; he is making me take his money whether I will

or not; and, not content with that, he begins to improve the Park. Improve it, indeed! Just as if it wan't a great deal better already than anything he had ever seen!"

But Barbars cried and remonstrated in vain. Miss Mortimer took her own way. A part of Lord Austruther's cheque was spent in procuring graceful mourning toilets for his cousin; and the namt wrote a latter brimming over with gratitude to the kinsman who had been so

It always seemed to Barbara, in looking back upon that time, that no month of her life had ever seemed so long as this apecial August.

Already the workmen were busy about the Park, already the news had got wind that the new Earl was a wealthy man, and every acre of the property was now free and unencumbered.

The notables of Blankshire decided he was a man to be cultivated and as he resisted it.

man to be cultivated; and, as he persisted in remaining in an obscure German village, they drove over to the Park to see if any news of him could be extracted from its inmates.

could be extracted from its inmates.

Miss Mortimer received them affably. It really seemed as if the freedom from pecuniary caree was making her quite agreeable. She was fast dropping her austerity; there would always be an extra stiffness in her manner, and a tinge of puritanism in her language.

But, for all that, the matrons of Blankshire found her much nicer than they expected; and, as to Barbara, she was a beauty—a beauty they must ecreen from their sons and brothers.

As yet there was no danger; the girl was in such deep mourning they could not be expected to invite her to their houses. Besides, she did not seem so friendly disposed as her aunt.

Before her crape hems had been decreased

Before her crape hems had been decreased Lord Anstruther would have returned home, and it would have become unnecessary to court him through his relations,

But there was one among the many callers at Austruther Park who differed from the general

Mrs. Clinton was a wealthy widow, with neither son nor brother to fear for; her only child was already engaged to a most eligible party; therefors of all the people who pressed their sympathy upon Miss Mortimer she and her daughter were e most disinterested; and as they had only recently acquired the small property where they resided they could not be blamed for not earlier visiting the Park.

"I wish you would spare your niese to us for a little while," and Mrs. Clinton, looking pityingly into Barbara's blue eyes. "I am sure the change will do her good."
"Barbara never alls anything, thank you."
"But she has had so much grief and anxiety

"But she has had so much grist and anxiety lately."

"I don't think girls usually sorrow much for fathers they have hardly seen. I can assure you. Mirs. Clinton, Barbara would not thank you for your invitation. She is most distressingly proud; she has no gratitude in her nature; It is beyond my efforts to persuade her to write to her cousin, who has behaved most generously towards her."

Mrs. Clinton guessed a little of the sufferings the proud sensitive nature had had to undergo, and she crossed the room to the sofa where Bar-bara, looking anything but disdainful, was listening to Gladys Clinton's kind attempts at

conversation.

"Lady Barbara," said Mrs. Clinton, gently,
"I want your aunt to lend you to us for a few
days, but she assures me you would not like it.
I know after such a loss as yours one cannot feel
fit for pleasure-seeking, but you shall be as quiet
as you like with us. Gladys has a reason for not
caring much for society just now, and I think
you would be good friends."

Barbara locked into the kind gentle face.
"De you would want you !"

"Do you really want me!"
"Of course she does," answered Gladys Clinton, smiling. "Mamma and I have wanted to know you ever since we saw your face in church two months age. Now, Lady Barbara, do say

Miss Moraimer was quite unable to resist three pleaders, and she yielded the point all the more readily, purhaps, because she had a daily warfare

with Barbara, who seemed all at once to have turned rebellious on her bands.

Mrs. Clinton and her daughter waited while a

Mrs. Citaron and her daughter wated white a few simple preparations were made, and then they drove their guest home in the pleasant coolness of the September evening.

It was a delightful glimpse of home life to which they brought Barbara. The Clintons were rich without pretension, refined without exclu-siveness. They made the Earl's daughter feel as if ther had brown here for extra and when a if they had known her for years; and when at ten o'clock she wished Mrs. Clinton good night, the kind, motherly kiss upon her face made the tears start to Barbara's eyes. She had been longing for affection all her life, and now it seemed

longing for an expansion as if a little had come to her.

"Come into my room and have a chat," begged
"Come into my room and have a chat," begged Gladys, as they passed her own door. "Lady Barbara, I feel as if we were going to be great felands."

"Then you must not call me that."
"Well, then, you must call me Gladys."
"I shall like to; it is such a protty name."
"So is yours. Barbara Fortesone, it sounds as if it came out of a book."

"I wish it didn't, MI had been called Sarah Jones things would have been much easier."
"You're not a bit like a Sarah Jones. What

do you want to do what would be easier if you bore that name !"

Barbara looked round anxiously.

"No one can hear us, and I promise to keep our secret. I never broke a promise in my

"I want to run away! It is so wretched."

"But, dear," and Glady's put one arm fondly round her slight, girlish form, "you are so young and pretty. What would you do in the great wide world?"

"I shouldn't always be called ungratefu!! Aunt Julia couldn't be telling me every hour of the day how much Lord Anstruther has done for me!"

Gladys stroked the bright hair caressingly.

"Is that your trouble, Earbara ?"
"It is a bitter one. Oh, Gladys, only five weeks sgo I had no heavier trouble than wearing shabby clothes, and having no pleasures like other girls; and now-

" And now !

"And now they have made me into a little pauper. The vary clothes I wear, the very food I eat, belongs to Lord Austruther!"
"But he is your cousin, dear, and your

guardian,

"I can guard myself!" said Barbara, passionately. "I hate him! He is spoiling my dear old home. He is just making the Park an advertisement for his money, just as he makes me an advertisement of his charity; but I won't stand it, Gladys! I mean to run

Gladys Clinton listened with ready sympathy. All her life she had longed for a sister, and the very first sight of Barbara's awest wistful face had attracted her strangely. She put up one hand and stroked the bright golden head

careesingly.
"You look only made for happiness," she said, gently. "Promise me that you will try and behappy here with us,"

Barbara promised, "I did not mean that I should run away now directly, only that I was thinking about in Shall you live here always, Gladys! Won't you get tired of the country!"

Miss Clinton blushed crimson.

"I don't think I shall live here always, Barbara. I expect Bertie will want me when he comes home.

"Is he your brother?"
"Oh, no," and again the blushes despend.
"He is Sir Bertram Lisle, and I am going to

Barbara gasped.

"Then you are engaged? Do you know I never met anyone who was engaged in all my

The other girl smiled, she really could not halp

"We have known each other all our lives. I can't remember when Bertie didn't love me, only he is a soldier, and he didn't like to sell out just when his country needed him, and so he is in Africa

"In Africa? But I thought people were

fighting in Africa.

fighting in Africa."
"Yea," very slowly, "they are. I never feel quite easy about my darling, Barbara. That is why we came bere, why mamma told your aunt we lived so quietly. I couldn't bear to go to parties and dance and enjoy myself while all the while Bertie might be-

She broke down then, the last words were choked with sobs. Barbara leant over her and

kissed her.

"So you see, dear, you're not the only person with troubles; we will comfort each other,

Barbara agreed.

"Only yours will soon be over," she persisted, and when Sir Bertram comes home you will be quite happy. Now I shall never be anything but a dependant upon my hateful cousin unless I take the law into my own hands and run away."

"It wouldn't do, Barbara." Barbara shook her pretty head. "Idon't know. I think I should be happier only, Gladys, I can't make up my mind what I am most fitted for. Girls in books who earn their own living generally have one great gift, and it seems to me I have none unless it is for doing no-

Muse Clinton kissed her, and they said good-night; but as the door desed on Barbara Gladys thought there was but one role in life for which she was fitted, that of being loved and cared for.

CHAPTER II.

In a week Barbara was perfectly at home with the Clintons. She loved the gentle widow as she had never loved anyone before; and Gladys well, Barbara thought Gladys was sweet enough to be the heroine of a story. Miss Mortimer had made one anxions call to

see how her nice was getting on; but the sight of the fresh colour returning to the girl's checks and the cid arch smile on her lips conquered all her scruples, and she consented that Barbara's visit should be prolonged.

Lord Anstruther still absented himself from

his inheritance. No one knew when he might be expected; meanwhile the workmen were getting on space, and the restoration of the grand old

manaion was progressing rapidly.
Everyone but Barbara agreed that the new Earl was adding to the beauty of the place by benkhing the air of neglect and decay that had hung about it for so long, but nothing her cousin

old found favour in the eyes of Lady Earbara.
"I am quite sure he's a horrid man," she said
to Gladys one day when the latter had persuaded her to go for a long walk, and they returned through the Anstruther grounds because the other way was so much farther. "Everything looked beautiful before, why should he try to

change it ?"

Gladys did not answer; she knew that Barbara was sensitive to a fault upon the subject, and she could not bear to wound her feelings by expressing press of Lord Austruther's improvements; but some one alse heard the words. Another moment and Hugh Norman appeared, raising his hat courteously to Barbara and her

companion.
"Don't you think you are a little hard on your "Don't you think you are a little hard on your "If "Don' you tame you are a note card on your consin, Lady Barbara!" he asked, gently. "If you would only acknowledge it, his one desire has been that everything should be as little changed as possible. When you see him, I am

euro

I never mean to see him !" said Barbara, decidedly. "Mr. Norman, I quite hate him ! Mr. Norman looked concerned.

If you hated me I could understand it. I was unfortunate enough to bring you the news of your father's death. My promise to your cousin obliges me to remain in this neighbourgood, and thus trouble you by the occasional eight of me.

As he spoke a large dog ran towards them,

barking loudly. In reality he was little more than a puppy; his barks were of the most joyous nature, merely expressing his satisfaction at find-ing his master, but Barbara never thought of

Terrified, she took to her feet and flew rather

than ran down a narrow winding pathway.

Rover, imagining it a game of romps, started entirely for his annuement, set off in pursuit. Hugh Norman turned to Mise Clinton with a troubled face.

"I think we had better not go after them. Rover is as harmless as a dove, and Lady Barbara might resent my pursuit as interference." Gladys smiled as young ladies do not often

smile at perfect strangers.

"I am so glad we have met you!"
"So am I!"

"I want to know why you wrote to mamma asking her not to reveal our former acquaintance with you! We are both bewildered at seeing you here as Lord Amstruther's agent. We always

High smiled pleasantly.

"You thought I was rich enough to please yself? You remembered that pleasant summyself ! mer when you and Mrs. Clinton were persuaded by Bertram to take a cruise in my yacht ! Miss Clinton, I cannot explain things fully to you. I must get you to trust me, only I am just rich now as I was then. I am very intimate with Anstruther, and I couldn't refuse to come and see to things here for him. I think people generally put me down as a very poor man be-cause of the arrangement; and I rather like it, it's a pleasant masquerade.

But why doesn't Lord Anstruther come him-

malf 9 11

" He doesn't want to. "And what is he like !"

"Six-foot-one in his eteckings, fair, and rather cheerful when things don't bother him. Between ourselves, he is hopelessly in love with a young lady who detests him; and he is so busy in making wild plans for changing her opinion of him that he has time to think of nothing alse.

Gladys looked amused.

"You speak as if he were nice."
"I. don't dislike him! I really think Lady
Barbara is too hard on him."

"And now that I have met you, and Barbara has introduced us, don't you think you could come and call? We'll be very careful not to

confess we knew you last summer."

I should like to come very much; but remember you must introduce me to Mrs. Clinton

as a stranger." "How mysterious you are! Hark, what was

that ? For an agonised shrick had reached them. For an agonised shriek had reached them. Quick as lightning they ran down the narrow path taken by Barbara. They found her stretched motionless on the ground, Rover beside her licking her hand, as though being conscious he was in fault, though he had no idea of his offence.

"What have you done, dear !" cried Gladys,

bending over her.
"I think I have broken my leg," said Barbara faintly. "I was running and somenow with it doubled under me. And only "I was running and somehow I fell Gladys, I need not have been afraid : Rover is quite friendly now."

There was a strange look of pain on Hugh

Norman's face.

"How can I tell you of my sorrow, Lady Barbara? Indeed I had no thought of your being frightened, or I should not have brought Rover here. I thought it would only excite him more if I ran after him."

But Barbara was maguanimous enough to acquit him of all blame. She knew quite well he had had nothing to do with the accident.

"You could not help it. It was fooliah of me to be so frightened. He really is a dear old dog," and she stroked his black coat with her little white hand. "Oh, Gladys, what shall I do? my leg aches horribly. I know I can't walk home. I can't move it."

Miss Clinton looked troubled.

"If I went home and came back in the car-

The carriage would never get up here," said

Barbara, dolefully.
"I think that is the best plan," chimed in
Mr. Norman, with a quiet air of decision. "If you would bring the carriage to the beginning of the shrubbery, Miss Clinton, Lady B rbars and I would join you there.

Gladys set off. They were near home, barely a quarter-of-a-mile, so she hoped not to be long

away.
Hugh Norman bent over Lady Barbara with a strange anxiety in his grey eyes.
"Is it very painful?"
"Horrible."

"Your friend will not be long."
"But I shall never be able to walk there. Never.

"I know you will allow me to carry you."

Lady Barbara objected.

"I think a wheelbarrow would be much better.
I daresay there is one about the house."

"But the wheelbarrow would be Lord Anstruther's; besides, there is no occasion to alarm your aunt."

Both these arguments were effectual. Barbara put out one hand and allowed him to raise her in his arms. Hugh wished madly the distance was greater.

The first time he looked on her face he had lost his heart hopelessly to Lady Barbara For-

He had come to Anstruther as the Earl's sgent in the sole hope of seeing her again, and now she was in his arms. Her golden hair unfastened from its coils fell over his shoulders, and her soft breath fanned his cheeks.

"Am I very heavy !"

He smiled.

I don't feel your weight, Lady Barbara. It has been such a pleasure to me to see you again.

Tuey had reached the place of meeting new, and he had deposited Barbara on a rustic seat. She raised her blue eyes half doubtfully to his, but she met there a glance whose carnestness almost frightened her.

almost frightened her.

"I am glad to see you too," she said, gravely.
"You were with pape at the last. You took
all the trouble to come here with the news.
You have been very good to me, Mr. Norman."
Hugh felt an insane desire to take her in his
arms and say he desired nothing better than to
be good to her all his days, but he restrained
himself by an effect.

himself by an effort.
"For his sake, your father's sake, will you try to look on me as a friend? I may not have much power and influence; but I would spend my heart's best strength to serve you, Lady Rarbara.

Barbara's blue eyes dropped beneath the ardent

gaze of his.

'I shall never forget your kindness. You are as unfortunate as I am. Lord Austruther has managed to make you one of his dependants; only you don't hate him as I do."

"No, I don't hate him."
"Were you very poor?" asked Barbara, bluntly. "Were you really so badly off that you accepted this post? Everyone was surprised when they

this post! Everyone was surptimed what they heard you had come to be the Earl's agent."

"I wanted something sorely," said Hugh, earnestly, "and this seemed to be the only way of getting it. Some day, Lady Barbara, I will tell you why I became Lord Anatruther's agent.

The pony carriage came driving up, with Gladys in it. Mr. Norman assisted Lady Barbara to his side, then Miss Cliuton begged him to come home to lunch, that her mother might have an opportunity of thanking him. And so the trio set off for the pretty low-roofed dwelling which already seemed such a haven of peace to

Barbara Fortescue.

Mr. Norman met his hostess with admirable composure; to see their greeting no one would ever have suspected they were not strangers. Fortunately the doctor had chanced to call, and Lady Barbara's injuries were at once inspected, and the injury pronounced to be only a slight "A slight sprain!" repeated Barbara, indig-nantly, when the doctor had departed, and the others had gathered in the bouldoir where she was reclining on the sofa, "I wish he had to feel

it."
"You are not used to pain," said Hugh,

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gently.

To his surprise her eyes filled with tears,
"I don't think I ever felt any pain in my life
till to-day. I know I am a horrible coward, but
I can't help it."

"I hope you will never grow any braver," answered Hugh, "if the courage is only to come through suffering."

He took his leave soon afterwards, but Mrs. Clinton gave him a pressing invitation to repeat

I can't make it out the least in the world," ahe said to her daughter, when they were alone.
"I know his father was a millonaire. What
in the world has made him agent to Lord Anstruther 1'

Gladys smiled.

You would laugh at me so, mamma, if I told

you my opinion."
"I will be as serious as a judge."
"I think he cares for Barbara, and has adopted this disguise just to be near her.

Mrs. Clinton shook her head.

"You are too romantic, Gladys; depend upon it your pretty little friend is far too proud to have anything to say to her cousin's agent. Now, in his own true character, Mr. Norman might have had a chance."

Gladys retained her own opinion, but she was a dutiful daughter, and said no more.

a dusting daugater, and said no more.

Mr. Norman put a very liberal construction
upon Mrs. Clinton's invitation, for after that
hardly a day passed without his coming.

At first his errand was to inquire after Lady

Barbara; then, as she progressed to convales-cence, he came to see Mrs. Clinton, or to play tennis with Gladys. Almost all his leisure time was spent at the house, and when at last the news of this got wind, very, very, irate was the neigh-

To encourage a young man about whom none knew anything, to throw him constantly into the society of a beautiful orphan, was, people society of a beaut declared, monstrous.

One or two matrons, more officious than the rest, called upon Miss Mortimer, thinking it their duty to enlighten her as to the danger into which

her piece was thrust.

Miss Mortimer listened to them with composed face and calm answer, but the moment they were gone she went upstairs, put on her bonnet, and walked briskly to the low-roofed house, and asked

for Mrs. Clinton. Barbara and Gladys were out, so the widow received her guest alone. Miss Mortimer did not beat about the bush; she went straight to the pount, and upbraided Mrs. Clinton in no measured

She had promised Lady Barbara should meet no one, and she had exposed her constantly to the society of a handsome young nobody—the paid servant of her cousin.

"I don't think an agent is exactly a servant," id Mrs. Clinton, bravely, "If I had another said Mrs. Clinton, bravely. "If I had another daughter I should not be troubled if she showed any preference for a man so handsome and dis-tinguished as Mr. Norman."

Miss Mortimer again demanded Barbara's

immediate return.

I will send her over to-morrow in the pony carriage. She will be too tired to pack when she comes in ; and, indeed, Miss Mortimer, I think you are alarming yourself needlessly. I have never seen Mr. Norman pay your niece any atten-

Miss Mortimer was propitiated. She agreed to leave Barbara until the next day; she even at-tempted a grateful speech to Mrs. Clinton for all

"It has been a pleasure to have her," declared

the other lady. "I have never met any girl so sweet and attractive as Lady Earbara Fortescue," She told the girls the news when they came in. Gladys received it with outspoken regret and much grumbling. Barbara said nothing, only

there was a pleading look in her blue eyes which made Mrs. Clinton stoop and kies her.

"I wish we could keep you always, Barbara My dear, you must remember I have always a home for you here. You have been just like one of ourselves, and I can never think of you as a stranger again."

Gladys slipped away to change her dress; Mrs. Clinton followed her. Barbara, whose deep mourning permitted of little variety, went down to the drawing-room. There was a great weight

to the drawing-room. There was a great weight of sadness at her hears. The Park was her home; she had been born

The Park was her home; she had been born there, she had spent all her eighteen years beneath its roof, and leved every feature of the dear old place, and yet the thought of returning to it filled her with regret—an almost unbearable presentment of ill had come to her.

"I have been so happy here," she cried aloud, in her agony—"so very happy; and I feel I shall never come hark crain."

shall never come back again."
She knelt on the hearthrug, the firelight falling on her soft hair and lighting up its golden colour; her little white hands were locked colour; her little white hands were locked nervously together. She was so full of her own sad thoughts that she never heeded the sound of footsteps; she never knew anyone had broken her solitude until a deep musical voice fell upon her ear.
"What is the matter?"

She knew then full well who was the speaker, but she made no attempt to answer him, only she looked more steadily into the bright red fiames, as shough she saw some story written there; then a hand was put upon her shoulder, and someone—she knew quite well whom—turned her face forcibly round, so that he could look into

her deep blue eyes.
"You have been crying."
"I can't help it"—there was a kind of choked sob in her voice—"I am so miserable!" " Barbara 1"

Generally he called her " Lady Barbara," but she never noticed the change-never thought of rebuking him.

"Earbara, what is grieving you? Don't you know you promised once to look on me as a friend?"

You couldn't do any good."

" Try me !

"I am going home. Aunt Julia has been here to-day, and to-morrow morning I am going back

It was the last news he had expected to hear, and certainly the most opposed to his desires; but he said nothing of that, He looked full into the blue eyes.

"And you are sorry!"
"Yes, I suppose it's wrong. Aunt Julia has been good to me all my life, but I never loved her as I love Mrs. Clinton and Gladys."

They love you. They will not be content to lose you.

She sighed.

sne sgued.
"They can't help it."

"And will you stay at the Park?"

"Author co. I wanted to run away, only Gladys was so shocked; and then lately I have been so happy I haven't thought any more about

" Barbara !"

There was a sound of deep emotion in his He put out his hand, and took one of her

white one into a firm clasp.

"I have loved you ever since I first saw you," he said, simply. "Barbara, do you think you could bring yourself to marry me?"

Bacbara's blue eyes dropped beneath his

"I loved you ever since the summer's day I saw you first. That one brief glance at you did its work. I never rested until I had been mamed Lord Anstrucher's agent. I thought by accepting that humble title I should at least see you some

The little hand remained in his.
"I can't understand it," she murmured. "I

never thought anyone would love me."
"Listen," went on Hugh cagerly; "I love
you as my own soul. I think I would give my life itself just to have called you mine; but, Barbara, I am a jealous nature. I should never be ratisfied unless you gave me love for

"I always liked you," she whispered; "and

"And now!" he repeated, encouragingly.
"I think the worst part of going home is

losing you. I know aunt Julia—
He finished the sentence for her.

"Aunt Julia will think it wicked madness of a land-agent to presume to love an f Earl's daughter, Barbara. I don't mind what aunt Julia says. I don't mind what aunt in the world says or thinks if only that you love

She hesitated.
"Think of it well," urged Hugh; "you are
the Lady Barbara Fortescue, I am Lord Anstruther's agent, and between us a gulf yawns. Is your love sufficient to bridge it over? I will have no half measures, Barbara, my darling. I must be to you all or nothing."

She bowed her head upon his breast. "Which is it to be?"

He could hardly catch the whisper.

"And you are not afraid of poverty ?"
"I would bear anything with you."

"Of course Lord Austruther will be indignant."

Let him !"

"He'll tell you there's a great difference between us."

"There is," gravely; "you are an honest man, earning your own living. I am kept by his

"Barbara, you have promised; you are quite sure of yourself, darling? It would be death to me to lose you after this."

"I shall never change," she whispered.
"I shall call on Miss Mortimer to-morrow, and

ask her for her treasure." Pray don't !

"Why?" a little coldly.

"Aunt Julia will be so cross to you, Hogt.
She would say all sorts of horrid things, and
I shouldn't be able to prevent her, though
listening to them would hurt me more than

Mr. Norman did not seem alarmed.

"I think I can manage aunt Julia, Barbara."

"Don't you know you have promised to be my wife!"

Not for ages and ages.

"Very soon, indeed, and I want an earnest of your promise, sweet. Kiss me once, put your arms round my neck, and tell me it is not all a

"I can't," she whispered. "I never klased anyone in my life except aunt Julia, and Gladys and Mrs. Clinton."

"Let me join the exceptions, Barbara, and then we will close the list."

She raised her beautiful eyes to his face, Hugh Norman drew her close to him and pressed his

"My darling !" he said, fondly, "my precious wife !

Enter Mrs. Clinton and Gladys just in time to perceive Lady Barbara and Mr. Norman standing in very close proximity. Hugh took his darling's hand and led her up to the gentle

"I want you to congratulate me. Barbara has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Clinton looked bewildered. "Oh, how could you, Mr. Norman i" she cried, at last. "It was only this afternoon I was assuring Miss Mortimer you had never paid her niece any special attention. I do believe her only reason for taking Barbars away was a dread

of your learning to care for her. "I learned that long ago. Perhaps Miss Mortimer will relent and leave Barbara here now she knows it is too late to avert the mis-

Gladys bent over her friend.

"I am sure you will be very happy,"

She would have eald more, but a glance from
Hugh interrupted her, and told her he still
whiched to be known only as Lord Anstructer's

agent, not as the wealthy gentleman who was Bertram Lyle's closest friend.

Hugh stayed to dinner, and when he left his ine to join the ladies in the drawing room he wine to found that Mrs. Clinton and her daughter had been very thoughtful in securing him a last tête-at-tête with his darling.

Barbara sat alone in a low chair by the fire.

she looked up as Hugh entered.
"I feet so frightened," she told him as she knelt down beside him. "Hugh, what shall we do if nunt Julia is implacable?"

Mr. Norman laughed.

Spand half-an-hour in some quiet London church, my darling. After that it would matter little what your aunt or anyone else said.
You would be my wife then, and all the relations in the world would be powerless to part

Parbara shivered.

"I shall call on Miss Mortimer to morrow afternoon," went on her lover. "And I shall try by all possible mean to got her to listen to me favourably. If she refuses this, if she for-bids me the house, then, my darling, I trust to you to come to me. You will be my loved and honoured wife, just as truly as though your cunt had smiled on our wedding, and given you

She nestled the least bit closer to him.

" Hugh !"

"What is it, dear ?"

"If I did that—if I came to you like that—would you love me just the same?"

"I thought," she whispered; "if I came to on like that you might think less of me; in time you might weary of me, and remember that against me.

His answer was a caress.

"I could never weary of you, Barbara, and I could never think lightly of you. You are my first love, and you will be my last. But why do you distress yourself with forebodings of evil The only interview I ever had with Miss Mortimer was most gracious to me. Let us hope she will be the same to-morrow.

"You don't understand; you don't know all that has happened since thon-the awful idea that has come into her head."

" What has happened ?"

"She has got much grander in all her views. You see Lord Anstruther will allow her money, and it has quite spoilt aout Julia; she is getting as moreonary as possible, else she never would have thought of such a thing,"

"What was she thought of, Barbara?"

"You know that Lord Austrather is young and domarted I. We appet Luffe see.

We and Julia seems to think that a special dispensation of Providence. She has actually decided it would be the best thing

in the world if he was to marry me.

"I daressy he'd like 'o."
"Well, I wouldn't! I hate him just as much as ever I did; and I think it shows how money has spoilt aunt Julia's character for her ever to think of such a thing.'

Has she communicated her wishes to the

She's not so bad as that !" said Barbara,

honerly.

"Eut she is always dinning his perfections into my ears, and trying to bring about an introduction. She must have written to him a

fou make me feel nervous!" said Hugh, inghing. "I didn't expect an Earl for my rival; but, Earbara, I have one advantage over him. You are on my side. I think I prefer you as an auxiliary to your aunt, energetic artists, though at the contraction." him. partisan though she seems.

But, despite his cheerfulness, there was a tinge of sadness over the lovers' parting. Despite all the kind consolation of Mrs. Clinton and Gladys there was a strange foreboding of ill at

Barbara's heart.

She seemed positively to dread returning to the house that had been her birthplace.

Gladys drove har off in the pleasant October afternoon. Miss Cinton would willingly have gone in and done her best to assist in breaking

the news to Miss Mortimer, but this Lady Barbara

"It would only make me more referable to think you suffered from her rudeness too. I shall manage best alone. Good bye, dear ! thank you for all."

But she was evidently in no harry to com-mence the interview; for she stood on the terrace steps watching Misa Cinton drive away. Not until her friend was entirely out of sight did she push open the glass door which led to their own particular apartments, and go in search of her aunt.

CHAPTER III.

LADY BARBARA FORTESCUE had not expected fally Barrata Pointssor had not expected the nowe she had to tell would be received very favourable by the lady who for so many years had presided over her destines; but even she was quite suprepared for the burst of rage with which Miss Mortimer greeted the tidings of her engagement to Hugh Norman.

It was not hot responses appear, furious but

It was not hot, passionate anger, furious but out lived; it was cold, bitter, incredulity short-lived; it so bitter as almost to crush Barbara

beneath its weight.

"Mrs. Clinton ought to be ashamed of herself," declared avnt Julia. "I had a dim fear that Mr. Norman might forget himself suff-

ciently to admire you, and I taxed her with it only yesterday, but she denied it utterly."

"She didn't know it then. Hugh only spoke to her last night. Aunt Julia, dear aunt Julia, don't be angry with us. Hugh is a gentleman, and if he is not rich he has much more than I

have."
"He is a mercenary, presuming fortune

The blood of the Fortescues was roused at this tount.

"Hardly, or he would not seek to marry the or than of a pauper nobleman—a girl who lives on the charity of a distant kineman."

"Barbara!" problemed Miss Mostimer in her

proclaimed Miss Mortimer, in her cold, formal voice, "you forget yourself strangely. Your words show the low society you have kept, and the evil influence brought to bear You are an infatuated child, and I blame Mrs. Clinton more than I do you for ex posing you to the attentions of a needy adven-

Hugh is not a needy adventurer

"I forbid you to mention Mr. Norman's name in my presence, or to hold any communication with bim. You are only eighteen—for nearly three years you are under my control. Long before you are of age you will have forgotten all about this folly, and will thank me for saving you from yourself."

"I shall never forget him; I mean to be his

"You will be nothing of the kind," returned her aunt. "I shall write immediately to your generous cousin, and beg him to remove Mr. Norman from the reighbourhood. Without com-promising you it will be easy to intimate that the young man has shamefully abused his

Barbara rose from her chair and atood looking at her aunt with a world of defiance in her blue

"Nothing that you say will alter it," she said, almost as calmly as her aunt herself had spoken. "I love Mr. Norman, and I have promised to be his wife. You may have power to delay the marriage—you may be able to make me very miserable while I remain with you—but you No one can can't help my being happy at last. do that

Miss Mortimer threw up her hands.
"And to think that you are an Earl's "I suppose Earls' daughters have feelings very much like other people's," replied Barbara, de-

"And this man is not even in a profession; he
is nothing in the world but a paid servant of
your coucin's."

"It seems to me we are well matched. We
are both Lord Anstruther's retainers—the only

difference is Hugh works for his salary and I don't.

don't."

She went upstairs. She knew quite well that it was war to the knife, that a very bitter struggle isy before her. All her old, careless liberty would be over henceforward. She would be watched and guarded as carefully as a condemned criminal. Probably Hugh would not even be allowed admittance when he called that afternoon. Certainly she should not be allowed to see him.

Barbara sat down at her shabby Httle desk and fidited her first love letter. It was very short, and about as unlike the generality of such missives as it well could be; but it came from the heart. And the tears from her blue eyes fell on to the paper as she wrote,-

"DEAR HUGH.—I have told aunt Julia, and she is awful. She says I shall never see you again, because she will keep me shut up till I am twenty-one, and long before that you will have forgotten all about me; but you won't, will you? Oh, Hugh! isn't it hard, when we were to happy? Aunt Julia is going to write to Lord Anstruther and get him to send you away. I feel too miserable to write any more; only whatever happens I am ever your own BARBARA."

The letter finished, Barbara went downstries the diaing-room. Giles was there making to the dining room. preparations for lunch. There were other ser vants about the house now who might have saved him the trouble; but the old servant would allow no stranger to wait upon his dear young lady on this first day of her return from her long absence.

He looked up. Lady Barbara stood at his side with a strangely coaxing look in her blue eyes. In bygone days she had coaxed him for flowers and games of play with just that look. Giles had been syrannized over by her ever since she was a white-frocked baby just able to run alone. Lady Barbara stood first and foremost in his honest heart. He respected her aunt for the aske of old associations, and her connections with the family; but he loved Barbara for herself.

"What is it, my lady ?"
Barbara shut the door and came up to his

"Giles, you have got me out of a great many scrapes, and saved me from lots of punishments. want you to do just one thing more for me."
"There's nothing in the world that I wouldn't

do for you, my dear young lady."
"It's a great deal worse than when I got into

the cellar and turned all the taps on to make a pond to sail my boat in," and Barbars, earnestly. Giles smiled. He had a keen remembrance of that incident, and the intense caution it had required to screen Barbara's share in it from her

aunt's knowledge.

"No matter what it is, my lady, I'll manage it, even if I have to run up to London town

Barbara knew the point was gained. the letter from her posket and put it in the old retainer's hand.

"Do you remember Mr. Norman, Giles !

"I mind him well, my lady. He brought the news of my lord's death, and I've seen him often about the place since—a fine, free-spoken gentle-man as ever trod the earth."

"He is coming this afternoon, Giles, and I want you to give him this letter."

Giles started. He knew enough of the ways of society to be sure it was a very remarkable

"If you won't," and Barbara, with a melancholy cadence in her voice, "I shall sit in the hall until he comes and give it him my-

There was no mistaking the young lady's determination.

ance; nothing but "yes" or "no" could be extracted from her.

"I shall want you to go over to Nexton, iles," said Miss Mortimer, naming the arest town, "directly after lunch, on some nearest town,

Giles cast an imploring glance at Lady Barbara; but she looked composedly at her plate he was speechless.
"Do you hear, Giles i"

d

"I'm thinking, ma'am, if you could put it off till to morrow," began Giles, respectfully, "You told me yesterday I was to be at home all this afternoon in case the hamper from his lordship should arrive. You said you wouldn't trust those new servants to unpack the case of WIDE.

Miss Mortimer looked troubled.

Miss Mortimer looked troubled.

"But I particularly want some things from Nexton, Giles," she said, slowly. "Surely the wine could wait until to-morrow."

"Ol course, ma'am, if you wish in."—Barbara's hopes fell to zero at this speech; "but," he went on stoically, "if anything happens to the Earl's present through the carelessness of the new servants I should never forgive myself; they're not to be depended on, ma'am. Thomas broke a beautiful claret jug only yesterday."

Miss Mortimer yielded the point.

"Very well, Gilas, then to-morrow must do for Nexton. By-the-bye, if that young man, Norman, calls and desires to see me, tell him I am particularly engaged this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, whom did you sey i".

"Mr. Norman !" sharply,
"His lordship a agent; certainly ma'am. Shall
he wait if his business is particular !"

"No"—Miss Mortimer looked sharply at the butler—"if he waited for hours I should be equally engaged. The fact is, Giles, I do not intend to see him, however often he calls; and you may as well let bim understand it."

But face was to be even kinder to Barbara than abe expected. Faint and tired with the morning's excitement, she went to lie down in

ber own ruom; and a few minutes later Mr.
Josiah Snooks arrived to see her aunt.
Now, religion was aunt Julia's strong point;
and she particularly favoured dissent. Mr.
Snooks had only arrived in the neighbourhood
since things at the Park had been on a more

Calling to condole with the plous apinster he had been invited to repeat his visit, and he took to repeating it pretty often. Lady Barbara's absence rather favoured his cause; and so at the end of her visit at the Clintons he had established his footing, and was received as a very intimate friend.

Giles escorted him to the library-the apartment usually sacred to him, because Miss Mortimer considered it less worldly than the

others.

The butler saw her safely ensconced in one of the tall, oaken chairs, and replied, "Certainly, madam," when she repeated her message to Mr. Norman, and then departed, rubbing his

'She's safe for another two hours, Now, if only Mr. Norman would come now. I could better do for my young lady than just give him her note. I wonder where she is ?"

But the sound of the bell had aroused Barbara. She came downstairs looking very white and wan,

meeting Giles in the hall.

"Not there, my lady, not there!" cried the shrewd reminer, as she turned towards the library. "Your aunt is in there with Mc. Snooks. I'm thinking that, if you wouldn't mind, there's a nice fire in the dining room."

Barbara cared very little where she sat. She went into the diving-room and pulled a large chair up to the fire. Giles returned to the enchair up to the fire. trance hall, hoping that he should perceive Mr Norman's approach before he rang the bell. The bell of the park was rather an awful affair, and when sounded re-echoed through the house. Miss Mortimer had never shut herself up in the library but that she knew she must hear her

e's approach through that resounding bell, Hugh was mounting the terrace steps as the

door opened noiselessly, and the old butler

"In Miss Mortimer at home?

"She is particularly engaged, sir."

"She is particularly engaged, sir."

"Do you think she will be at liberty soon?"

"I don't think so; but Lady Barbas is in the dining-room, sir, if you'd like to wait," and he respectfully presented the note. "My lady left s, eir, in case you called."

Hugh Norman "did like" to wait. other lover in the same circumstances would not have liked to be followed by Giles to the diningfunctionary room door? but that astute functionary merely held it open, suffering the visitor to enter

"And now," as with a breath of relief he departed, "if only that horrible Mr. Sucolas keeps the old lady shut up for one hour or so it'll be the best use he's made of his prayers and

speechifying for many a long day."

Which speech clearly proves Giles's sympathies were not with dissent as represented by Mr. Josiah Snooks. In truth that gentieman was no favourite with the old butler, whom he had mortally offended on the occasion of his first call at the Park, by presenting him with a tract whose title in large print ran thus: "A Word to the Unwashed."

There is no doubt if Giles had read the work aright he would have discovered it was addressed to those unregenerated or uncleaneed from their sins; but Giles never went farther than the title, which he translated in the simplest sense, and which he regarded as a terrible calumny, since he was a very cleanly person, spick-and-span in his get-up, and altogether detected dirt quire as strongly as the Reverend Josiah Snooks himself could have done.

Hugh Norman went up to the girl he had left only the evening before bright, glad and happy. He saw her blue eyes heavy with tears, her face pale and wan; and for the first time he repeated pale and wan; and for the first time he repeated the deceit practised on her, and doubted if it had been fair on her to come to Austruther under the disguise of the Earl's agent, but Barbara looked up and saw him. Her face charged so rapidly at the sight that Mr. Norman banished all unpleasant qualms of conscience, and gave himself up to the rapture and delicht of that meeting. and delight of that meeting.

"Barbara !

She turned to him with a libtle cry. "I thought I should never see you again!"
"Never!"

"Well, not for ages-not till I am twenty-

Have thinge gone so badly ?"

"Didn't you have my note? Giles—"
"Ciles has behaved admirably! Ho gave me the letter, but he offered me a night of

The blue eyes had a shadow over them.
"I never thought it would have been quite so bad. Aunt Julia is furious f

"She says you will forget all about me!"
"I'm much obglied to her."
"But shall you!"

"My darling 1" and he held her to himself in a burst of tenderness, "I shall never forget you while I live! I couldn't even if I wanted to."

She sat there, her bright head pillowed on his shoulder—her blue eyes full of love and trust; bappy as was that moment Barbara could

not forget the blank agony of the tuture,
"Hugh, how am I to bear it?" she asked him,
sadly. "What will my life be like when we have sadly. "What will my life be like when said good-bye!—when I naver see you—never hear your name unless auns Julia speaks it to prophesy your forgetfulness ?"
Hugh stroked the fair face careasingly.

"There is only one thing for it, Barbara -we must not say good bye !"

"But I have enough to give you as easeful home. So only that you love me, Bar-bars, I have no fears for our happiness,"
"I love you dearly!"

"Well enough to forgive me a deception the Barbara, look up, my dear, do not tremble so. I ask you, do you love me well enough to trust me

to know there is a secret in my life and not to doubt me?

She shuddered.

"Has it anything to do with love?" she whis-red. "Hugh, I don't think I could bear it if pered. you had ever loved anyone more than me."
"It is not that," he said, quickly.

"Then I can bear anything

"Then I can bear anything!"
Think, little lady, are you quite are? you know nothing of my birth or droumstances. You are an Earl's daughter. I may have a father who keeps a shop, or a good old mother who ekes out a living by letting lodgings."
Barbara smiled.
"I don't believe you have."

"I don't believe you have."
"But if it is so ?"

"It wouldn't matter !" she said simply. "You are yourself, Hugh; your relations cannot alter

you."

"I thought you were so proud!"

"I am, horribly! only not that sort of price.
I can't be ar living on Lord Austruther's money! I shouldn't like anyone in the world to keep me for charity; but anything else I shouldn't mind." "You wouldn't mind a husband who worked for his living, then?"

"I should be proud of him, dear Hugh!" This in a whisper, "I'll try to get very prudent and economical, and not cost you more than I can

A tear stood in his eye, he could not help it.
"Then in is agreed !" he said, fondly. "You will come to me—you will give up bridesmalds, wedding-cake and crange-blossous, rather than let fate part us ?'

"You are quite sure that you want me?"
"Perfectly."

A long, long silence. Barbara, when shall it be ?"

But she hesitated.

"You have known me such a little while,"

"Barely three months, but I couldn't love you more if I had known you all my life,"
"Shall we live here?" she whispered? "You are Lord Amstruther's agent. Should we have to

stay here !"

No!" and he spoke firmly, as though he had weighed the matter with himself. "My engagement with Anstruther is up. I think of going abroad. I am something of an artist, and I should study painting."

Barbars had not the remotest idea how pre-

carious is the income of an amateur artist. Instead of reminding him of the expense of travelling—the uncertainty of ort as a pay mistress—she put her little hand in his.

"I don't mind where it is !" she whispere!,
"I don't mind where I go so that I am with

Time was going on. They had been together more than an hour. There was no depending upon Mr. Snooks staying any longer. Eurbara's

eyes told Hugh that they must part.
"When will you come to me?" be asked her.
But he himself had to plan out their flight.
She was too frightened to do anything more than

Hugh fixed a morning about a week distant, when Earbara was to come by the early train to London. She was very little known terond the immediate neighbourhood of Austruther. At Nexcon, four miles off, she was quite a stranger. No one would recognise the solitary traveller by the six o'clock parliamentary train as Lady Barbara Fortescue.

Hugh himself would go to Loudon a faw days before, and meet his betrothed at Victoria-station;

before, and meet his betrothed at Violetia-Station; then, in a very short time, the knot would be tied which no time could bosen.

"I wonder it it's very wicked," asked Barbara, slowly. "I shall be deceiving aunt Julia dreadfully; and yet I don't seem to raind. Only I should like to tell Gladys and Mes. Clinton; they

have been so very good to me."
"You shall tell them when you ara my wife,"
he whispered. "Barbara, will you wear this for
my sake?" and he planted a ring on her engaged

forger. It was a hoop of large diamonds.

Little as she knew of such things the nirl felt instinctively it was of great value. She looked

at him represchfully.
"You should not have boug! 6 it, Hugh." she

"You ought to know you are a poor whiepered. man; and I don't want presents to teach me that you love me."

He amiled.

"I did not buy it, Barbara," as he turned it round to see the inscription inside; "it was my mother's. She died when I was born; and my mother's. She died when I was born; and is is almost the only thing I have of here." Inside the ring was a date of many years before, and the initials "B. F." fancifully en-

twined.

"It was a wedding present from my father," went on Hugh. "Her name was Beatrice. I never thought of it before, but your initials will be the same.

Barbara hardly saw why—since the late Mrs. Norman's initials must have been B. F. before

her marriage.

Her husband had had them engraved as a wedding present; but she never saked the reason, only the ring seemed to become dearer

reason, only the ring seemed to become dearer to her from that moment.

"I must go," said Hugh, rlaing at last.

"I must go," said Hugh, rlaing at last.

"I has been very kind to allow us this meeting. I assure you, Barbara, I am grateful to Mr. Snooks. Well, my darling, the next time we meet we shall have no more partings in prospect. Remember, next Tusaday moralog, little girl. Do you think you shall have the courses to come to me!"

courage to come to me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"And you don't mind losing the orange-blossoms, the wedding-cake, and bridal-veil?"

"No, I don't mind."

"Fare you well, my Barbara. I shall count the days until I see you until you are mine for

He left her : and the watchful Giles let him

Barbara, wondering if she were the creature of some happy dream, went upstairs just before the library-door opened to allow the exit of Miss Mortimer and Mr. Snooks.

Barbara seemed as if no days had ever been longer than those that followed. She had no preparations to make, nothing to occupy her

Her purse contained only just enough money to buy her ticket to London. She could not afford a single purchase in honour of her wedding-

Perhaps it was as well. Anything she had bought would have been paid for with Lord Austruther's money, and she would rather owe is all to Hugh.

It was three or four mornings after Mr. Norman's visit, and Tuesday was getting very near, when Miss Mortimer alluded to the subject of

her niece's engagement.

"I have heard from Lord Austruther, Bar-

"Indeed !" "I wrote to tell him of Mr. Norman's in-tolerable conduct. Of course I did not tell him of your folly. I only said his agent was a nuisance to the place, and I should esteem it a personal favour it he would dismiss him."

"What does he say? Agrees implicitly with all you suggest, I suppose? That is generally Lord Anstruther's way."

"He says that Mr. Norman's engagement with bim had expired before my letter arrived, and that he has no doubt his late agent will immediately quit Blankshire. He adds he certainly shall not recommend him for similar employment again.

"And he professed to be his friend," said Barbara, meditatingly. "I'm very glad; I never liked Lord Anstruther. He seems a mere puppes, who does whatever he is asked, and believes whatever he is told. I hate such characters I"

A call from Mrs. Clinton and Gladys broke the monotony of the afternoon. The widow was unusually cheerful, and there was a sparkle in her daughter's bright eyes which told of some great

joy.
"Bertie is on his way home!" she told Barbara, as soon as she could get her to herself.
"The war is now so far over that the —th can leave Africa."
"How giad you must be!"

"Glad 1 Oh, Barbara, it has been a terrible strain; but, oh, the relief of its being over!"

"And you will be married !"
"Early in December. Mamma is going to take me town on Monday about my trouse Oh, Barbara, how I wish you were coming with mm !

Barbara did not.

"I saw Mr. Norman before he went," continued Gladys, kindly. "He told me Miss Mortimer was unpersuadable, but he did not seem cast down. I hope you are managing to keep up your spirits as well, Barbara."

"They are pretty good."
"I wanted to ask you to be my bridesmaid—there is no one I would sooner have then you.
Barbars, dear, will you! Or is to unkind to ask you to go a wedding in the midst of your mourning!"
Parhars ".!"

Barbara felt pretty conscious she should be at a wedding long before December, in spite of her deep mourning. She also felt telerably curtain she should not be eligible for the office of brides-maid when Gladys Clinton's wedding bells rang out a joyous peal.

"I don't think I can be a bridesmald," she said, gently; "but I should like to see you married if "-her voice hesitated.-"If I am in

England,"

Gladys looked at her in amszement. "Surely Miss Mortimer does not mean to take you abroad? I did not think she would proceed to such extreme measures as that."

I don't know.

"But, Barbara, you need not fear your aunt refusing to let you come to our wedding. Whom do you think Bertie has asked to be his best man t"
"I don't know."

"You strange child, you say that to any-"But I don't !"

Now Sir Bertram Lisie's choice had exceedingly surprised his betrothed, who had always believe that Hugh Norman, in his own proper character of a wealthy country gentleman would support Sir Bertram on the occasion—to read that her lover had chosen a man she had never seen, and whom he yet seemed to expect her to remember as his "old chum," had bewildered her not a little.

"Who is it, Gladys!"
"Your renowned cou "Your renowned cousin, Lord Anstruther.
Poor mamma is terrified at having to entertain
an Earl; but I was glad, because I thought it
would remove all objections of Miss Mortimer to your coming."
"I'll come if I can, Gladys. I should like to see Sir Bertram Lisle."

"And Lord Austruther. Have you no curi-osity to behold your hated cousin ?"
"I think not."

I think not.

Tuesday came at last. There was but little sleep for Barbara; long before daylight she was up and dressed.

As the clock chimed half-past four she stood adjusting her simple black hat, and wondering, as she stood before the looking-glass, whether any Earl's daughter had ever made such a strange toilet for her wedding.

But she knew that Hugh Norman loved her as his own life and also knew that she was rarely

his own life, and she knew that she was rurely beautiful even in her plain black dress; and, in spite of her loneliness, in spite of the ordeal that lay before her, in spite of the absence of all the wedding adjuncts women prize, I doubt if ever bride on her wedding morning were happier than Lady Barbara Fortescue,

She was a good walker, and the road to Nexton presented few difficulties, being remarkably straight. Barbara had allowed an hour and a-half for the four miles, and so she found herself in the little country station some minutes before

the train was due,

It was the first rallway journey she had ever taken in her life, and she could not prevent a alight feeling of fear as she took her place in a second-class carriage—her purse would not bear the expense of a first-class ticket. As it was, she would come to Hugh with just sixpence in her pocket; but that never troubled her. Bar-

bara Fortescue was a girl to trust all in all or not

The three hours of the journey seemed very long and tedious to her. Never before had from six to nine appeared such an interminable space;

six to nine appeared such an interminable space; but at has the train glided into Victoria Station, and the first sight that greeted her was her lover's face standing on the platform.

'I thought you would not fail me !"

She had no luggage, so the first thing they did was to hall a hansom and proceed to the hotel, where a dainty breakfast was served in a private room. But Barb could not eat, her heart felt too full. She had been brave enough while there was need of effort, but now her courage there was need of effort, but now her courage

Perhaps Hugh understood, he never tried to urge her. When he saw she was ready he gave her is arm, and led her downstairs in perfect silence. She never heard the address he gave the cabman, but she knew quite well she would return from that drive a wedded wife, Barbara

return from that drive a wedded wife, Barbara Fortescue no longer.

It was a very beautiful old church, even Barbara admitted that; the winter sunlight poured in through the stained-glass windows, and the clergyman performed the commony as reverently and solemnly as though a bishop, a dozen bridesmalds, and a sprinkling of nobilty had been known the congregation.

Only when they came to the most solemn part of the service Barbara was startled. Instead of the simple Hugh she had to plight her troth to High Denzil Algernon Norman; and even in the bewilderment of the moment it seemed to der unfair that Hugh should have four Christian names and she but one. The last being the same names and she but one. The last being the same as his surname struck her as a strange coinci-dence. "Norman Norman" sounded well; she

rather liked the combination.

They signed their names. There was no one in the world to congratulate them; only when in the world to congratulate them; only when the pew-opener and the verger had appended their names as witnesses the clergyman turned to the young couple and wished them joy. He did not think it was a stolen marriage; the perfect serenity and happiness stamped on the bride's face made him infer rather that she was some lonely little orphan for whom it was no small good fortune to find such a handsome, stately lover.

stately lover. Their cab was not waiting; they left the church on foot. Hugh turned to his young wife. "Barbara, where shall we go?"

"Broars, water shall we go?"
She laughed, she really could not belp it.
"The train starts for Dover at eight," he said, gravely, "so we have a few hours before us.
Barbara, don't you think you ought to do some shoundar?" shopping i " Barbara's face fell.

(Continued on page 138.)

WHEN a Chinese minister at Washington gives a formal dinner to any of his countrymen of sufficient rank to be thus honoured, or to sufficient rank to be thus honoured, or to Japanese visitors, he never fails to go through a curious form of etiquette. Before taking his seat at the head of the board he approaches the guests, who stand in a line round the table, and without uttering a syllable pushes each tenderly and playfully and points significantly to the uncocupied post at the head of the table. It is etiquette for the guests to observe a rigid de-meanour, neither speaking nor moving, and de-monstrating by their inflaxible attitudes their monstrating by their includes attracted their unworthiness to occupy the place of honour. This over, the minister sinks into his chair, and no doubt would have been greatly surprised had anybody taken it. No one speaks until the minister drops a remark, which is finally taken up and commented upon. Then the chief speaks again, and more observations follow. So it may be said that the chairman, in a measure, supplies subjects for conversation. Another curious custom at these formal dinners is that after the fish is eaten the guests all rise simultaneously and dust their chairs with their napkins. The bill of fare is pretty nearly the same as would be served at any other foreign legation, with one or two special Chinese delicacies only.

MADELINE GRANT.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MADELINE listened to Lady Rachel's tirade with well-assumed indifference. Little did that gay and talkative lady guess that she was discoursing of Mr. Glyn's feelings to his wife—his wife, who suddenly felt a very curious and wholly novel sensation spring up in her bosom as she listened to her companion's idle

bosom as the listened to her companion's idle chatter.

It had been all very proper that legions of men should admire her and pay homage to her, and Hugh, of course, would not be jealous, or if he was he was very ridiculous. Now, to quote an old proverb, "the boot was on the other

She was to keep an unmoved countenance when she heard Hugh, her Hugh, proclaimed as a frightful firt and saw him walking away

with a very pretty, well-dressed young woman, carrying her prayer-book, too, if you please. She did not like it—no, most decidedly she did not like it. She could think of Hugh av did not like it. She could think of Hugh as working in his chambers, as enjoying the society of frusty lawyers, and now and then appearing in the great fashionable world as a guest who was well thought of, and popular with men; but popular with pretty girls was quite another view of the subject, a view she could not contemplate with anything approaching equanimity.

She found time and opportunity to sound Lady Rachel very craftily on the subject of Mr.

and country to sound Lady Rachel very craftily on the subject of Mr. Glyn and his delinquencies, and that feather-brained little person had replied, quite closily,—
"Did I say that he was an awful first? I'm sure I quite forgot it. Well, I apologies to him.

I was cross, now I remember, because that girl had snapped him up. I believe he is engaged or something. He does not go in much for ladies; still when he does, he can make himself very agreeable, as you shall judge. He is coming to dinner to-night."

agreeable, as you shall judge. He is could a dinner to-night."

Madeline started violently, and coloured warmly, which two things did not escape the lynz-eyed Lady Rachel.

"Why," she cried, "you don't mean to say that you are apoony on him too! My!" lifting up hands and eyes. "Laura Cresswell is coming this evening. Mind you don't tear each other's eyes out, my dear, that's all."

"What do you mean, Rachel!" said Madeline, angrily. "Spoony—tear each other's eyes out! How you do let your imagination and your tongue run away with you!"

"Well, my love," returned the other, between two very leisurely sipe of tea. "I never saw you blush for anyone before. "We wept, we eighed; we never blushed before," waving her teaspoon as she delivered this quotation. "Anyway, Mr. Glya would not dare to think of you. He knows that you are destined for a coronet. Now Laura is a nice-looking girl, who literally raves about is a nice-looking girl, who literally raves about him, and who will have a very protty fortune. I shall 60 my best to make the match. I like the fun of match-making, and he seems a very good fellow, and all these barristers are glad to get a wife with money; indeed, who is not?" stretching out both her arms, and yawning widely. "So mind you don't interfere with my little schemes, Maddie." Minddie. Don't exert your fascinations on poor Mr. G., and don't put a spoke on dear Laura's wheel. You can pick and choose, and can afford to leave her Mr. Glyn."

Maddle listened to all this in silence.

Maddle listened to all this in silence.

"She was more silent than she used to be," thought her hostess.

"Leave her Mr. Glyn!" The idea tickled Madeline's fancy immensely.

She could not control herself, and she suddenly leant back in her chair and gave way to a fit of laughing that quite threatened to become hysterical, whilst Lady Rachel looked on in open-mouthed anagement. monthed amazement.

Good gradious, Madeline !" she exclaimed at last, as Madeline sat up and dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and actually gasped for breath; "are you often taken like this? What in the world came over you—are you mad?"

"I am sure I can't say (certainly she could not)—partly what you said about Mr. Glyn and—and—that girl, and partly my own thoughts."
"Your own thoughts must have been very funny," said the other, inquisitively; "I wish

mine were occasionally as amusing."
"Yes, they were, rather; and now, if you don't mind, I'll go and write a few letters in my own room before dinner."

"I don't mind a bit, my dear child; this is, as you know, 'Liberty Hall.' But promise me one thing before you go."
"Yes," rising, "what is it?"
"Promise me that you won't flirt with Mr.

Glyn."
"I-I firt?" in a tone of indignant repudiation. "Of what are you thinking, Rachel-do I ever flirt 1"

ever firt!"

"Iknow that you say you don't firt, and, maybe, think you don't firt, my dear; but all the same you do. Your pretty eyes go a long way, and, maybe, say more than you think or intend them to say. Poor Levanter! They riddled his heart long ago."

"Pooh—nonsense! he has not got one to riddle, and you may make your mind perfectly easy about him as far as I'm concerned—also with reared to your other prettod, Mr. Giyn. What-

easy about him as far as I'm concerned—also with regard to your other pretige, Mr. Glyn. What ever comes or goes, I give you my word of honour that I shall never firt with him." Exit.

The drawing-room was nearly full and the bale of dinner guests complete, when Miss Grant again made her appearance, and walked into the aparoent with the air and galt of a young princess.

She had taken great pains with her toilet and the pains had not been thrown away.

She looked lovely as she greeted the new comers with smiles and hand shakes, one by one. She came to Laura Cresswell last, a girl dressed in old gold satin and tulle, with a huge fringe, and a large handsome face.

She was leaning back in a low chair, looking up with all her eye power—which was con-siderable—at a gentleman who was standing beside her, with his elbow on the piano, listening with a swile of amused appreciation, to some anecdote that the lady was relating with great gusto. To this pair come Miss Grant, tall and beautiful, and dressed in white.

She accosted Miss Cresswell, with whom she

had a slight acquaintance, with politeness, and then looked inquiringly at her companion.

What was he going to do?

He had not seen her entrée, nor had he expected to meet her-he was not aware that she was in England even, not having seen Mrs. Holt since she had paid her a visit-

ance she had paid her a visit. So when he enddenly looked up and found that the girl in white, who was shaking hands with his companion, was Madeline, his wife, he was not a little startled, and became a shade—yes, just a shade paler. He looked her full in the face, he

met her eyes point-blank, and bowed.

But she was not satisfied with this salutation. and held out her hand, which, of course he was obliged to secept, and accepted it in a cool fashion barely touching the proferred fingers, and then resuming his conversation with Miss Cresswell with a promptitude that was almost and, and that Madeline, who flushed hotly as the fourthus snubbed, resented to the bottom of her heart.

She had thought that she had been doing great things in offering her hand, and this was all she

got for it—a figurative slap in the face.

She felt humiliated, astonished, and augry, as she took her place at the gaily decorated dinner-

she had lately had everything so much all her own way that she could not believe that Hugh, who had always been so pliable, would really hold out in his resolution, and would not be ready to kiss and be friends when such was her

good pleasure.

But no.—Hugh was evidently made of sterner stuff. He, she remarked to berself, was determined to be disagreeable and to sulk, and, perhaps, to flirk. Well, two could play at all those games, and as she made up her mind to this resolution she sent a glance of defiance acroes the table over the flowers right into Hugh's eyes, and turning to her next neighbour, Lord Levanter, laid herself out to be agreeable to him for once,

and with such very excellent success that he was lifted into the seventh heaven, and looked so tender, and whispered so insinuatingly, and was altogether so publicly devoted and delighted that more than once Madeline's vis. à. vis. who had been becoming more and more distant in his answers to Miss Gresswell minute after minute, felt filled

to Miss Cresswell minute after minute, felt filled with a fierce desire to rise, seize Levanter by the throat, and hurl him from the open window, which stood so conveniently behind him.

However, luckily for the success of Lady Rachel's entertainment he managed to restrain himself, and even to answer Miss Laura's questions, who had not failed to see who and what had attential his wandering attention.

had attracted his wandering attention.
"Do you know Miss Grant?" she said, in her

lowest tones.

"Yes, I have that honour." "Yes, I have that honour."
"How ironically you said that," admiringly.
"Surely you admire her. All London was raving about her last season, but I don't think she is as pretty as she was," she added, amiably.
"Oh! do you not?"—abstractadly, and atill eyeing Lord Levanter with an expression of con-

"But she has heaps and heaps of money, and

that one mas neeps and neeps or money, and that goes a long way nowadays."

"Yes, I believe it does, may "—correcting him-self quickly—"I know it does. It is more power-ful than anything on earth except one."

"And what is that !" she asked curiously.

"Death," was the laconic reply.
"Death! Well, I suppose it is; but now "Death! Well, I suppose it is; but now tell me—and you have not answered my question yet—do you admire Miss Grant, or is she not to-tall and alim for your style—rather May-poley?" (Miss Cresswell herself was short, and a well-nourished young lady.)
"Oh! yes, I admire her" with a swift glance across the table.

"You only say that doubtfully," returned the other, much encouraged. "It's very odd to me that, with all her money and all her looks and the immense sensation she has created, she has never married. She is a year older than I am.

never married. She is a year older than I am. Is it not strange?"

Mr. Glyn said nothing, but, like the parrot, he thought a good deal; and that if the young lady, beaming and smiting at the other side of the table were to marry, the consequences would be, to say the least of it, unplessant (a trip to Dartmoor Prison). He also made up his mind that she was an abominable flirt, and that any softening influences lately he had felt towards her would be completely thrown away. To flirt was softening influences lately he had felt towards her would be completely thrown away. To flirt was bad enough, but to flirt before his face, although he had washed his hands of her, and with such a thick-headed loub as Levanter, was shameless bravade; he could call it by no other name.

Madeline had not failed to read the storm-timels in her hands?

signals in her husband's countenance.

"Ah, ah!" she said to herself, triumphantly,
"you are not altogether as callous and indifferent. as you would seem, my good Hugh! I have it In my power to make you very angry and furlously jealous!" and stimulated by this en-chanting discovery, the lady went on from bad to worse, all in a very quiet and refined style.

After dinner she entranchised herself from the hopeful and bappy Levanter, and went in, an Hugh noted, for one of the luminaries of the Foreign-effice; and he and she sat on the same sofa and kept up a long, confidential conversation for the whole remainder of the evening, shielding themselves behind Madeline's enormous white

One of the earliest guests to depart was Mr. Glyn, his heart full of rage and disgust. He was barely master of himself; he was so indig-

He had not the civility to take leave of Madeline; he ignored her completely when he bade his hostess good-night, and that little lady, as she yawned her way upstairs after the last carriage had rolled away, patied her companion encouragingly on the arm, and

"You were a very good girl to-night, Mad-die, in one respect, though I must say for you, who are so very proper in your ideas, you made yourself rather remarkable with Preddy Lottus. However, it was of no great conse-

quence, for you kept your promise, and did not alre with Mr. Glyn. By the way, how silent he was. I wonder what put him out? I am afraid he and Laure have had a quert. After dinner, whilst Laura was singled, I took him in hand myself for a bit. Generally he is so amusing, and has lots to any, but to-night he positively had not a word to throw to the proverbial dog; and it may be fancy, but it struck me that he looked as black as thunder. But why? What on earth could gut him out here? I can't guess, can

Miss Grant could form a very fair idea, but she was not icclined to take her lively little ladyably into her confidence; so she merely shrugged her shoulders, waved her lily white hand in a valeticity manner, and with a yawn, opened the door of her own hower, and immediately vanished

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAURLINE paid another visit to Mrs. Holt and Harry, but she did not see Hugh again before she returned to the Continent, and met her father at Aix-les-Baines.

Mr. Grant was very uneasy about himself still, and was resolved not to spend the next winter in Ragland, and immediately after Christman and New Year, once more settled himself and his belongings in his villa at Nice.

Medeine was rather averse to this arrange-ment, but not as much so as we might have

expected. She had excellent news of little Harry. I was still in what she called "the sulks," every day she lived weaned her more from her former life and wedded her more to her present condition.

At nineteen a girl is very adaptable, and At nineacen a girl is very adaptable, and readily falls into new grooves. It had come to this now with Madeline that she sometimes forgot she had ever had any other mode of existence than the present; and if her conscience (now becoming fally more callous) occasionally made a claim on behalf of her child, she promptly told herself that it was cared for that Lady Louisa De Queene sent all her children out to muse till they were three years of age; and as to French people's children, they never saw them till they were five children, they never saw them till they were five

Harry was berely two; there was plenty of time. And as to Hugh, since he was do obstinate he must wait; and the idea of telling her father of her marriage she now put away, in the lumber room of her brain, and very rarely looked at it.

The spring, the early spring in the Riviera, was just as charming as ever, but Mr. Grant found that he was rather "out of it" from not having been in England for considerably more than a year, when people at the "Cercle Anglais" referred to So and So's drag, or to such a oue's shooting, or to a certain good race

He was, perforce, dumb. He did not like the sensation of having to hold his very, garrulous torgue, and made a firm resolve that the mouth of May would find him and his

once more back in Belgrave-square, and so it did. Mr. Grant inaugurated his return with new horses, new liveries, new powdered footmen, and gave a series of most fashionable and recherché dinners.

He would have bidden Mr. Glyn to one of He would have bidden Mr. Glyn to one of these entertainments, for the old sentleman had a tenacious memory, especially for things that his daughter expressly wished he would forget; and she quietly turned the subject, and did not encourage the idea of entertaining her husband under her unsuspicious parent's roof, and Mr. Grant's mind drifted away to other matters, chiefly financial, and Mr. Glyn's invita-tion card was not despatched.

Madeline found time to pay more than one visit to Harry, who was really a beautiful child, of whom even the most indifferent mother might well feel proud. Very proud, indeed, was

He could walk and talk so nicely, and was such a pretty little fellow, and her visite from being spasmodic became of regular weekly occurrence

Success had emboldened her; Saturday morning found her in Mrs. Holt's old-fashioned garden walking and playing between the high hollyhocks, and sunflowers and lavender bushes with a fair-haired little

What would Mr. Grant have said had he seen his lovely and dignified daughter running round and round and up and down the gravel paths, driven by two knotted reins and a fierce little driver, with a long whip with a whistle at the end of it

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn never met; for her days as we have seen, were Saturdays, and his were invariably Sundays.

ow and then she managed to steal an extra visit for the attractions of Harry were becoming more and more irresistible, and she at times had almost steeled herself to the task of telling the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—to Mr. Grant; but laterly he had been curiously irritable and unusually irascible, even to her, his lovely daughter, his pass-key to the paradise of good society; and always deficient in moral courage, she delayed and delayed, and every day and week and month that she postponed this important announcement, only made

the situation ten times worse.

Low fever was going about in the summer days, typhoid, and diphtheria, and the latter fastened its grim clutch upon little Harry. It was a case as rapid as it was fatal.

He had been hot and heavy and not himself on Saturday when his mother saw him, but Mys. Holt attributed this to the weather which was unusually sultry. On Sunday, his father, justly alarmed, summoned the local doctor, who at once pronounced that the little patient was a victim to the worst type of diphtheria sore throat.

On Monday Madeline was sent for. The child

was seemingly better, though still very ill.

He lay in his little white bed and gazed at her with large distended eyes. She made a very pretty picture as she sat beside him regardless of

She stayed nearly all day. It so happened that her father was out of town; but anyway, she told herself, she would have comenothing would have kept her; and when she took leave late in the evening the patient was sleeping, and the doctor's opinion more en-

couraging.

He said she need not alarm herself as he walked down with her to where her fly stood waiting in the lane.

waiting in the lane.

"You really need not be uneasy, my dear madam," he said, impressively, "unless things take a very unexpected turn, and then, of course, we will let you know. He is a fine healthy child, and admirably nursed by yonder good woman," nedding towards the house.

"She is, indeed, a good woman," returned Madeline, fervently, as her mind looked back on Mrs. Holf's unwestying care and day and night.

Mrs. Hold's unwearying care and day and night attendance on her nurshing.

She even seemed to grudge permission to Madeline to moisten his lips or fan him, or undertake a portion of her task.

"I'm alraid I can't come to morrow unless I am really needed," said Madeline. "You say there is no danger now. You are sure now? I rely on you to tall me!"

"No, none whatever at present."
"Because if there were, I should stay all

"Recause if there were, I should stay an night."

"No occasion for that if you are urgently required elsewhere," said the doctor, all this time thinking it very strange that this pretty, sgitated, tearful, young lady should not find it most important to remain with her sick—her only child.

Promising that she should have early intelligence next morning by telegram, he handed her into the fly and howed her off the scene, just as another immirior relation, enoughly apxious and

another inquiring relation, equally anxious and equally near, came hurrying up on foot—the

" Most extraordinary state of affairs !" thought

the dector to bimself. "What did it mean! There must be a screw loose somewhere. child's parents living separately and mysteriously, and never alluding to each other—what did is

Mrs. Holt soon set the whole matter before him in these words,— "They had quarrelled?" Mr. Glyn remained at the farmhouse all night,

sharing Mrs. Holt's vigil, and watching every turn every movement, every breath of the little sleeper as anxiously as she did herself.

In the morning there was no positive change one way or other. The pendulum, as it were, of little Harry's existence seemed to have paused for a time before it made that one vital ovement in the direction either of life or death.

A message was despatched to his mother, which

A message was despatched to his mother, which ran in these laconic words,—

"Just the same. Slept pretty well."

And Madeline, relieved in her mind, set to work at a very long and serious day's business; in short, grand preparations for a grand ball that they were giving that very ovening. It was to be the ball of the season.

Invitations had been out for four weeks.

Raysley had similar intention of heing

Royalty had aignified its intention of being sent

Mr. Grant looked upon the festivity as the supreme occasion of his life—the summit of his wishes and ambition fully and flawlessly attained,

and he was happy.
Only of course, there is a thorn in every

A pending lawsuit, touching some very valuable mining rights, was looming in the distance, and the prospect made him vary uneasy and very

However, he resolved to make the most of superb present, and give an entertainment the fame of which should ring from one and of

England to the other.

Fig. fully carried out his favourite saying, "money is no object." The floral decorations alone for halls, staircases and drawing-rooms cost

the pretty penny of two thousand pounds.

The best boud in town was, of course, to be in attendance; and as to the supper, it was to be a supper, the very seens of which would make Luculius green with envy; and Madeline's dress was to come from Worth, and was to be quite special, by Mr. Grant's own commands.

With all these grand preparations in view it will easily be understood that it was with some trepidation that Madeline asked her father to tpone the ball.

She made her request very timidly, with falling heart and faltering lips; in fact, the end of her centance died away on the air when she beheld the terrible expression on her parent's

"Put off the ball !" he roared, "Are you "Put off the ball!" he reared. "Are you mad? Put off Royalty, after all I've done to get them! Put off "—he actually choked over the word for a whole minute—"when you know, too, that there's not another day in the reason. Every single night is taken. Why, what do you mean!—what's your reason?" he almost shouted.

"I thought-I fancied that the heat, and

Ascot Races happening the next day, and—and—that was all," she muttered, lamely.

"Oh," doubtfully. "Well, your reasons are simply bosh, and the ball comes off on Tues-

This suggestion was made on Saturday after

her return from the farm.

"And remember, Madeline, I shall expect you to stir yourself, look after the decorations going up, have an eye to the laying of the supper tables, see that the man do the floors are the supper tables, are that the man do the floors. erly, and that there are not any old waltzes properly, and that there are not any our work in the programme. You will have your work cut out, and I mine. It will be the busiest day cut out, and I mine. It will be the out a com-

in your life, and the greatest. It's not a common thing to entertain Royalty."

As he said this he jumped up and paced the room, and rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of ex-

pectation. "There's a pile," he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to a heap of letters, "of people actually

asking for invitations-invitations for themaching for invitations—invitations for them-neives, invitations for their friends, sisters, brothers, and so on—people that would hardly know us when we were in town the first season, but it's my turn now. I'll have none of them i Whatever else the ball will be it shall be select!" waving his arm with a gesture that was ludicrous in its pomposity.

"By the way, that fellow Glyn—it seems that he is the coming man, and Bagge and Koefs.

he is the coming man, and Bagge and Keefe have given him the brief in my suit. I men him yesterday in the street and asked him. He's a presentable-looking sort of chap," not-ding apologetically at his daughter; "but would you believe it, he would not come, would you believe it, he would not come, although I told him it was to be something out of the common; and fancy his reason, "pausing dramatically; the little gentleman was still pucing the room. "You will never guess—you will he as astounded as I was. He said his child was ill," staring hard at Madeline to see the of this announcement.

Madeline never raised her eyes, but sat with them fixed on a certain pattern in the carpet, and looked not the least surprised—only rather

"He seemed quite in a fright," proceeded
Mr. Grant, volubly, "and very much hurried
and put out. I had no idea that he was a married man, had you ?"

Before Mr. Glyn's wife's dry lips could frame an appropriate answer to his very plain question a footman entered with another batch of no.es on a salver, and thus Mr. Grant's attention was providentially distracted from his unhappy daughter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In due time all the preparations were com-pleted for the reception of Mr. and Miss Grant's

The grand staircase was lined with palm trees

and tropical ferns, and lights were cunningly-arranged among the dusky green foliage.

A fountain of white rose scent played among maidenhair ferns at the head of this splendid and unique approach, and here shood the hout and hostess, side by side.

Mr. Grant was adorned in a plain evening cuit (would, oh, would that he might have decked himself in diamonds!) and a perennial smile; his daughter arrayed in a misty-looking garment of aliver brocade and silver gauze and her neck and arms one blaze of brilliants, in her hand a bouquet of crimson flowers nearly as

large as a tea-trag.
She required no adjuncts to set off her pearance; but there they were, and she looked as superior to most of her lady guests, who were

as dependent to most of ner say guests, who were them of average everyday prettiness, as an arum lify to a single dahlia. Her colour and her eyes were equally bright— flushed by excicement, and, in some degree, by

anxiety.

No news, she told herself, was good news, and

the morning telegram was reassuring.
There was no need to fret and worry herself.
Half the evils in the world are those that have never happened

So she cast doubt and care behind her as she took her place in the Royal quadrille, and prepared to abandon herself to the comsion.

No one in their senses would dream for a moment that the beautiful, brilliant, smiling Miss Graut had a care on her mind, much less a load of anxiety with regard to a sick

She, indeed, fulled all her fears to sleap, and played the part of hostess to perfection, not dancing over much, as became the lady of the house, till quite late in the evening, or, more properly speaking, early in the morning, and having a word—the right word—and a smile for

everybody.

The ball went off without a single draw

back.

August guests remained unusually late; the supper, the floor, the lighting was faultless. Mr. Grant was informed by several important Ruests that such an entertainment reminded them

of the Arabian Nights for its magnificence; that it would be a ball among balls, a precedent in

princely hospitality.

He was almost beside blusself with pride and self-satisfaction. Truly those heavy cheques that had to be drawn to pay for his pleasure were well redeemed.

He unfolded his feelings to his daughter as they stood alone in the big ball-room after the very last guest had taken leave and the carriages

were rapidly rolling from the door.

His little sharp eyes shone, his mouth twitched, his hand actually trembled with excitement and

triumph.

"You did it splendidly, Maddle," he ex-claimed, vehemently, "if you were a duchess you could not have hit it off better. I often you could not have hit it off better. I often wonder where you got your manners and year air, and the way of saying things. Your manner was something of the same style, too. Well," looking round, "it's all over. They are putting out the candles. It's been a success, more than a success, a —a—" hunting for a word—"a triumph. I wish some of my old pals in the West Indies could have seen it. Bless me, how they would stare! A trille better this than plantation dences. I feel a bit tired and giddy. I expect I shall be knocked up to morrow. Don't you get up early—I mean today. There's the you get up early—I mean to day. There's the light streaming in now. Get away to your bed," Madeline had listened to this pess of

Madeline had listened to this press of triumphal satisfaction without any remark, only opening her mouth to yawn, and yawn, and

She was very, very tired, and new that the stir, and the whirl, and excitement were over felt ready to collapse from sheer fatigue, and she very readily obeyed her parent's behest, and klasing him on his wrinkled cheek, walked off to her own room.

Josephine was sitting up for her, half-asleep, and the wax candles on the dressing-table were

and the wax candles on the dressing table were glittering in their silver sockets. Daylight was streaming through the blinds.

"Oh, miss," she said, chaking her head from side to side, and rubbing her eyes, "I've been asleep, I do believe. I've waited up to unlace your dress, though you said I need not, but you could never—never undo it yourself," beginning her task at once, whilst her equally sleepy mistress stood before the glass and slowly removed her gloves, and bracelets, and heavy diamond nockiet, and yawned at her own reflection.

"It was splendid, mademoiselle. Never-not even in Paris-did I see such a fere, such a ball. I saw it all from a little place behind the band. What crowds, and what tollettes! but yours was the the most chemically of all. Ah, there is nothing lise Worth, and then a good figure and a pretty face!"

"It went off well, Josephine, and papa is pleased; but I am glad it's over," said her mis-tress, wearily, now feeling the reaction already setting in. "Mind you don't let me sleep past

setting in. "Mina you don't let o'clock."

"Ten o'clock, mademoiselle! Why, it's five now," sail Josephine, in a tone of horror.
"Mademoiselle, you will be knocked up, you

"Why, what is this?" interrupted her mistress, in a strange, hurried voice, snatching up a telegram that lay on the table in its orange cuvelope, as yot unopened, and had hitherto concealed by being unintentionally covered with an ivory backed hair brush, as if of no importance.

"Oh, I forgot. I fell asleep, you see. It came for you last night at ten o'clock, just as all the company were arriving, and I could not send it

to you. I hope it does not matter."

But evidently it did matter, for her young lady was reading it with a ghastly drawn countemance, and the hand that held the paper shook so much that the message rattled as if in a breeze. This was what she was reading with strained,

startling eyes,-

"Mrs, Holt to Miss Grapt, 9.80.

"Come at once-there is a change."

And this was nearly eight hours ago! "Josephine," she said, with a look that appailed

the little Abigail, "why did you not give me this? It's a matter of life and death, If-if-" with a sudden catch in her breath, "I am too late, I will never—never -never forgive you! Here," with a gesture of frenzy, literally tearing off her white a gettine of freezy, atternally searing on her dress, "take away this vile rag—these wretched things" anatching the diamond stars out of her hair, and finging them passionately on the floor—"for which I have sold myself. Get me a common dress, woman. Quick, and don't stand there looking like a fool!"

Josephine had indeed been looking on as if she were petrified, and asking herself if her mis-

tress had gone stark-staring mad?

Mechanically she picked up the despised balldress, and brought out a morning cotton, which line wrested from her hands, and flung over

Madeible wrested from her hands, her head, asying.—
"Send for a hanson—fly,—fly," and thus adjusted, and calcining a spark of Madeine's excitement, she ran out of the room, and hurriedly despatched a heavy-eyed and amazed John Thomas for the cab, with many, many impresses assistations. nive gesticulations.

When she returned she found that Miss Grant had already fastened her dress, tied a lace scarf round her neck, put on the first hat she could flad, had a purse in one hand, and her gioves in the other, and was ready. So was the bansom, for one had been found outside, waiting and

hoping for a jub.

Madeline did not delay an instant. She ran down stairs—down between the fading lights, the tropical palous, the withering flowers, who had had their one little day and it was over.

Down she fled, along the red cloth carpetings,

and under the gay awaings, and sprang into th vehicle.

Josephine, who had hurried after her, was just

in time to see her dash from the door.

"Grande Cid!" she ojaculated, to two amazed
men servants, who spord baside her, looking very
the servants of the summer's morning. "Did limp in the now bright summer's morning. anyone see the like of anyone see the like of that? S away in her white eatin ball slippers ! She's gone

"What's up? What's the matter?" demanded one of her companions, authoritatively. "What's the meaning of Miss Grant tearing out of the house as if she was going for a fire-engine, or as if she was mad?"

or as it she was man;
"I can't tell you. It's something that came in
a telegram. Someone that's ill. She said, life
or death. She's mad with fear of something. Only
you should have seen her eyes. She looked—
when she opened the paper—awlul. I thought
she would have struck me almost, because I kept it back !

"Anyhow, she could not have gone before, whatever it was. But what can it be ?" said on of the footmen, stroking his whin with an air of deep mental research.

That was just the question no one could have thrown the least glimmer of light upon; and leaving the three servants still standing specu-lating in the hal, we follow Madelius down to lating bill.

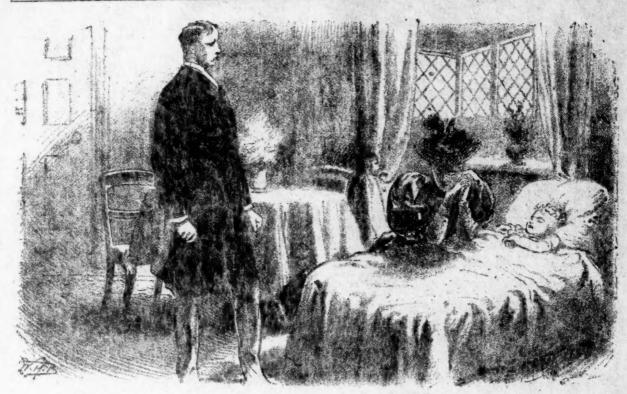
She caught an early train. She was equally lucky in getting a fly at the station by bribing heavily, and imploring the man to gallop all the

She arrived at the farm exactly at seven o'clock, and springing out of the trap rushed up the garden and burnt late the kitchen, white and breath one.

"She was too late!" The truth came home to her in one agonising pang. It felt as if a dagger had been planted in her bear, for there at the kitchen table sat Mrs. Hot, elbowarssting on it; her apron thrown over her head amitting long drawn gaping sobs, the

Madeline trembled from head to fact as she stood in the door-way. Her dry lips refused to form a sound; her heart was besting as if it would choke her. She could not have asked the question if her life depended on it.

Mes. Halt, hearing the steps, threw down her appear and confronted Madeline.
"I thought it was you," she ejeculated in a



" POOR LITTLE CHILD, HE IS GONE. AND WHILST HE WAS DYING HIS MOTHER WAS DANCING!" SAID FUGH, INDIGNANTLY.

husky voice. "Well, you are too late; he died, hardly worth while to come now; there is nopoor darling, at daybreak in these arms," holding thing to need your care any longer. Poor little
out those two hard-working extremities to child, he is gone!" Here his faltering voice their fullest extent, with a gesture that spoke

"I will not believe it! it could not be true! it—it is impossible," broke in Madeline, fiercely, "The doctor said there was no danger. Ch. Mrs. Holt, for mercy's sake, I implore you to tell me that you are only—only frightening me. You think I have not been a good mother; that I want a lesson. That—that—I will see for my-self!" hurrying across the kitchen and opening a well-known door.

Alas! What was this that she beheld and that turned every vain in her body to ice! It was death for the first time!

There before her in the small white bed lay a little still baby with closed eyes and folded hands, a lily between them, the bed around 18—yes, it was now it—already strewn with fresh white flowers on which the morning dew still lingered. Who strows white flowers on the living? truth came home to her in one lightning flash. Havry was dead! There was no look of suffering now on the little white brow. He looked as if he were asleep; his pretty, fair curls fell naturally over his forehead. His long, dark eye-hashes swept his cheek. He might be asleep. But why was he so still? No breath, no gentle rising and falling disturbed his tiny crossed hands, so lately full of his and not his contract.

lately full of life and mischief, and now !
With a low cry Madeline fell on her knees
beside the child and laid her lips upon his. How cold they were! But no, he could not, should not be dead, urged her mother's heart, in a mad

frenzy of despair.
"Harry, Harry 1" she whispered, "Harry, I have come; open your eyes, darling, only for one one one moment, and look at me; do, or I shall go mad !"

"So you have come at last," said a voice close face, and to her, and looking round she saw Hugh Glyn, sale and haggard from a long night's vigil, looking as stern as an avenging angel. "It was Grant."

broke, and he paused for a second; then proceeded with a sudden burst of indignation, "And whilst he was dying his mother was dancing," glancing as he spoke at Madeline's visible and criminating white satin shoes.

"I only got the telegram this morning at five o'clock," returned Madeline with awful calm-ness; the full reality had hardly come home to her yet. "And yesterday, why was I not sent her yet.

"You were sent for when the child was first "You were sent for when the child was first taken ill. Any other woman in the world but you would have remained with him. I know that you had a great social part to play; that you dared not tell him that other—the nearest, dearest, holiest of claima—appealed to you have, pointing to the dead child. "You have sacrificed me—you have sacrificed him to your Moloch—money! It is not fitting that I should say more to you have the presence. Your own more to you to this presence. Your own more to you in this presence. Your own conscience, if you possess one—and surely you are not going to be totally hardened—will tell you far sterner, sadder truths than any human lips. It may comfort you to know that, although your presence would have been a comfort, he—he asked for you," his voice shock as he spoke, "as long as he could articulate. You could not have saved him from the moment the change set in last evening. The doctor pronounced the case

Madeline stood and looked at her husband as one in a dream. She uttered no cound, but she shivered involuntarily as if struck by a blast of icy wind. And Hugh, although he spoke with a certain sort of deliberation, and as if he was putting, as he was, an immense mental restraint upon his feelings, looked at her with a pale, rigid

face, and his eyes shone like a flame.

"Go I" he said, with a gesture of discussal, with a gesture of discussal, with a flame of the said of the said

another as this child is to us both, and we look back at our past as a dream. There is nothing.

now in common between us but a grave."

Incidents which take some time to describe are sometimes almost instantaneous in action.

(To be continued.)

FISH CITY, which belongs to the State of Michigan, is an odd place with a watery flavour; it has no existence in summer, but is a busy place has no existence in summer, but is a busy place in winter, is not built on land and yet has nothing to do with boats. The ice of Saginaw Bay is used as a foundation for the city every winter, and the town is occupied by men and their families, who catch, dean and pack whitefish and lake trout for the market. It is built in the same cove every winter, the houses being constructed of rough pine boards. It had a population of nearly three thousand in the winter of 1893-94, nearly twice that number last winter, and this season the population has taken another jump-forward. forward.

For many years most of the emery has been brought from Turkey and the Greek islands. Its value for cutting and polishing has been known since the beginning of history. Very crude me-thods are in use for obtaining this substance for market. Enormous fires are built on or against market. Enormous fires are built on or against the rocks, which are then broken or cracked by throwing jets of cold water against them. Emery has many uses, among which are its employment in polishing and cutting. Being so unmanageable, it for a long time defied the efforts of man to put it into available shape, but at length it was comented into usable forms, and it was moulded into wheels. Emery millstones are a later-day improvement. They are the most practical of all atomes, because they are not affected by heat. all atones, because they are not affected by heat, and the face is always sharp. As cutting and polishing powder emery is of great value, and emery sandpaper is an important article of manu-



SIR CHARLES AND MB. TRAVER SAT DISCUSSING THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE SCAPEGRACE, CARL.

POOR LITTLE DOROTHY.

-:0:-

CHAPTER XXI.

JOCELYN AVENAL was terribly grieved at his grandfather's death. Despite their frequent differences (caused by the Earl's love of power), they had been warmly attached, and with the old man Jocelyn lost the only relative he had in England, except of course the unknown cousins whose identity he had only just learned.

To do the young man justice it was not the loss of preatige that troubled him. He knew, of course, that it was a very different thing to be an Earl's grandson residing with the said Earl at the ancestral seat from being plain Jocelyn Avenal of nowhere in particular, and he felt also pretty sure that his grandfather had altered his will and cut him off with a shilling; but still, in spite of this, warm personal grief for the old man swallowed up every other feeling.

And Judy Dawbiegh's death had come at a

And Lord Dashleigh's death had come at a most inopportune moment. Joselyn had looked forward to telling him the story of poer little Dorothy, and getting him to deal with Miss Lester. Now all this was impossible, and the young artist must act aingle handed on the discovery he had made at Brighton.

covery he had made at Brighton.

Jocelyn sat up late that night thinking, and the result of his vigil was three letters. The first to Sir Charles Peyton telling him of his grandfather's death, and his own conviction that the reported hefress of Peyton Royal was a changeling and his own cousin, Marjory Lyle. The second to Miss Lester declaring that he had discovered the fraud perpetrated by her nearly twenty years before at Brighton, and should abonce denounce the same unless she forwarded him by roturn of post the present address of the girl known to long as Dorothy Peyton. The last letter was to Mr. Carter—a short succinct account of his visit to Brighton and all he discovered there. He appended his full address, saying it would be

impossible for him to leave the Priory until after his grandfather's funeral.

He placed his letters in the post-bag knowing they would go out by an early delivery on Saturday morning. But two of the three must needs be delayed before they reached their owners. He knew that Sir Charles would have targeted on his wist to Hasting before his letter. started on his visit to Hastings before his letter could reach the Hut, while Miss Lester's would of course have to be forwarded from Peyton Royal. It was a relief to get them off his mind, but Jocelyn felt they would be of little avail.

Jocelyn fait they would be of little avail.

The funeral was to be on Tuesday, and after it was over the will would be read and Jocelyn would know his position; the owner of a grand old home and priceless wealth, or—a beggar.

Friends and neighbours flocked in large numbers to the funeral, and a goodly gathering returned from it to the library to listen to the reading of the will. Those who knew him best thought they had never known Jocelyn so calm and grave, there was no anxiety or expectation on his pleathey had never known Joceiyn so caim and grave, there was no anxiety or expectation on his pleasant, kindly face, but there was a strange, quiet steadfactness in his expression, as though with his grandfather be had lost his youth, and become alive to the responsibilities of manhood. The will was very short. It bore date only a month before the testator's death, and (as the lawyer pointed out) had been made without any professional assistance being in the Earl's own hand.

Lord Dashleigh left pensions to his old servants, a year's wages to the younger ones, remem-brances to his old friends. Then there came a thrill of expectation as Jocelyn's name was men-

tioned.

"To my dear grandson," ran the will, "I bequeath twenty-five thousand pounds, to be invested by my executors at four per cent, with power to pay the interest to him yearly, the principal to revert to his eldest son." And then last of all came the exciting part. "Dashleigh Priory and its broad acres, its revenues, plate, jewels, furniture and beirlooms; in fact, the whole residue of the Earl's property, was left to

whichever of his granddaughters, Marjory and Violet Lyle, married within the space of twelve months after his death, her cousin, the beforemonths after his death, her cousin, the before-mentioned grandson, Jocelyn Avenal. And whichever of his granddaughters refused the said Jocelyn would receive an annuity of five hundred a-year; and if his grandson, Jocelyn Avenal, declined to marry either of his cousins they both received the same annuity; and the whole estate and other property was left to a charity in which the late Earl had been much interested. In other words, if Lord Dashleigh's grandchildren refused to obey his wishes they were left out in the cold.

were left out in the cold.

"I call it a monstrous will," esid old Lord
Denley, a near neighbour. "Why, Dashleigh never
even acknowledged his younger son's marriage.
The girls must have been brought up by their low-born mother in abject poverty, and yet Avenal here must marry one of them or lose his inheritance

Other people echoed this opinion; Jocelyn looked graver than ever as he answered,-

"I believe if he had only lived a few days. longer my grandfather would have altered this will. It is not that I grudge my cousins anything, their claim is greater than mine ; but I do wish no question of marriage had been mentioned. Now it seems to me Dashleigh Priory can never be a home again."

"You might marry one of the girls and send her to school afterwards," suggested Lord Denley. "I suppose they are quite young?"

"They were twenty last June, and they are twins," replied Jocelyp.

"Do you know them?" asked someone.

sharply.
"I have seen them both; I cannot claim to know sither. Mr. Bate," to the lawyer, "we are given only twelve months in which to make up our mind; during that time what becomes of the

Priory !"
"Its use is left to you until the twelve months are up, or it is clear you are not going to fulfil your grandfather's wishes. I suppose, Mr. Avenal, if

you married someone else, or both the young ladies changed their names, then you would be considered as having refused the conditions, even though the time of grace had not expired."

The company dispersed, and a few hours later, after a tôte à tête dinner, Joselyn and the lawyer

sat in earnest talk. "I had better tell you everything," said the young fellow, simply, "for someone ought to take prompt action at once to find my cousins."

"I need not say your confidence will be safe with me, Mr. Avenal. Your grandfather told me some time ago that his son's marriage was perfeetly regular, and his wife, though a nursery governess when he married her, came of a good family, so it is possible that your cousins may not be utterly unpresentable."

"They are two of the swestest girls I ever

"They are two of the swestest girls I ever met," said Jocelyn; then seeing Mr. Butts amazement—"but I had better tell you everything from the beginning."

The lawyer listened attentively, but he did not seem so much impressed as Joselyn had ex-

"It is almost impossible that a lady in Miss Lester's position should stoop to such a fraud, he protested; "besides, what object had she?

Jealousy

"Sir Charles and Lady Peyton. Her one sim was to prevent Sir Charles—who had once been her lover—from inheriting Peyton Royal. Had Sir Douglas been childless, he would certainly have left the property to his brother."

" Well, the one person who can prove your theory is your cousin's widow, Mrs. Lyle." " Mrs. Nairn, she married again many years

ago.

44 Your first alep is plain; you toust seek an daterview with this lady."

"Couldn't I see Miss Loater instead?"

"You would have a powerful weapon in your hand if you could tell Miss Laster Mrs. Nairn

had confessed everything." "Will you go with me Mr. Batts smiled.

To which lady ?" "Mrs. Nairn-I can get her address from a mutual friend, if we go up to Loudon to-

"I am quite at your service, Mr. Avenal."
But the morning's post brought Jocelyn two letters which changed his plans. Sir Charles wrote that after waiting two hours at Charing Cross for Janes Lester on Saturday, he had gone home to receive a letter in the morning saying Dorothy health was so much worse she was taking her to the South of France and much regretted the introduction to her uncle must be indefinitely postponed.

Sir Charles added that though this letter was dated Friday it bore the post mark of Saturday, and he felt quite certain Janet Lester meant it to and he felt quite certain same Leads.

arrive too late to stop his journey to London.

has happened." he

"Another circumstance has happened," he went on, "which makes me incline to believe in your theory, though once I scoffed at it. The Nairus, as I think you know, are in very poor circumstances. They let two rooms some days ago to a lodger who gave a month's rent in advance. When the date fixed for his arrival came, they had a few lines saying he was leaving England and so forced to alter his plans. The

"No one in Acacia-road saw him but the second girl. He was left alone for a few minutes in the general sitting room, and a small desk—a tiny affair that you could buy in the Lowther Arcad for half-a-crown—disappeared. I own I am coming round to your view that Dorothy Pey-ton's really Violet Nairn's sister, who is supposed to have died in babyhood, and Dorothy having disappeared Miss Lester wished to horrow the other twin. No doubt Lovel Dulty went to Acadis-road as the coy to find out the girl's whereabouts, the letters in the deak telling plainly she was living with us, cut the ground from under Janet's feet. She would not dare to take as a confederate a girl who came to her straight from our house. I am sending you Mrs. Nairn's address, and I hope you will go and see her. Be as kind to her as you can, for re-

member, even if your suspicions are correct, her share of blame is far less than Janet Lester's. Mrs. Nairn, at the worst, being in dire poverty, suffered one of her children to be adopted by a stranger; but Miss Lester planaed and carried out a plot so distolical in its cunning that one marvels how she had the resolution to maintain the deception all these years."

the deception all these years."

The second letter for Jocelyn Avenal by that post was from Mr. Carter, and said that the de-tective Wilmot had set a watch on Miss Lester's movements with the result that so far from having started for the South of France she was living alone in very third-rate apartments in a most unfashionable part of London. Her nices, most cartainly, was not with her; indeed, the man en-gaged to "shadow" her movements declared that gaged to he had n

be had never seen a young girl in her company.

Joselyn Avenal left for London with a hear
beart. It seemed to him that his grandfather
will had terribly complicated his future.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. VERNON was not a worldly woman, and she was very foud of her godson, Richard Peyton, so instead of conveniently forgetting her promise to visit his protégée and attempt to befriend her, she started for Charlotte-atreet, Islington, the

she starred for Character-attract, mington, the very day after Dink's visit.

She had no children of her own; but she understood young people pretty thoroughly.

Miss Lynn night be worthy Dick's interest in her or not, but if he were left her sole friend and sympathiser he was far less likely to be undeceived in her, and he might even marry her out out of hand from sheer pity. If Mrs. Vernon "took up" his protegie Dick would be preserved from any rash self-sacrifice, and if the girl were really his "fate" and he decided to give up all for love as his father had done before him, why his parents would think far more favourably of his lady-love if Mrs. Vernon knew her than if Dick had to confess that he met her in the street, and she had not a friend in London.

she had not a friend in London.

Mrs. Lindsay herself opened the door to Mrs. Are. Lindsay herself opened the door to Mrs. Vernon, who came on foot and very quietly attired, thinking not to alarm the lonely girl by any display of wealth; but in the old days, when the landlady of 55, Charlotte street, had been Mrs. Peyton's nurse, she had often seen the

Colonel's wife, and she recognised her at once.
"Mra. Vernon! And I hope. I see you well,

"Mrs. Vernon! And I hope I see you well, ma'am. It is a surprise to see you again!"

"Mr. Peyton asked me to come," said the lady with a smile, "he thought I might be of some use to a Miss Lynn's who is lodging with you."

"And it would be a kindly act, ma'am. Miss Lynn's a dainty creature, and real quality, or I'm mistaken; but she's gone through all too much trouble for one so young, and I fancy she's some zore need of a friend." sore need of a friend."

When Dorothy saw Mrs. Vernon a strange relief came to her. She felt by some mysterious in-stinct that she had found a friend, and that here was some one who would sympathise with

"I think you know who sent me here?" said her visitor, kindly. "I know a great many people in London, Mas Lynn, and I

many people in London, Mas Lynn, and I believe I can find your some pupils; but, forgive me, you look much too young and delicate to battle with the world. Have you no relations who can give you a home?

The girl who had left home and fortune to avoid a man she had hated. The girl whom kindly voices at the Hut spoke of as "poor little Dorothy" lifted her sweet brown eyes to Mrs. Dorothy" Vernon's face.

"May I ask you one question," she said, wist-

Have you a daughter ?"

a, replied the other, deeply moved; "but she was taken from me before she could speak my name; but just because my own child is safe from all pain and sorrow I should like to help you. I fancy since I have seen you that Mr. Peyton did not tell me all your story, and there is some trouble pressing on you he did not know. If you like to trust me I will do my utmost for you."

Dorothy smiled.

" Are you likely to see Mr. Peyton again

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Vernon, much perplexed, "he looks me up generally when he is in London; but I do not expect he will be upagain for some weeks, and we seldom correspond."

"I should like to tell you everything," said Dorothy; "the moment I saw your face I felt you would help me; but would you promise not to betray me to any living creature even if you condemn me.

"I will promise faithfully, and I think I have guessed part of what you are going to tell me. You have not 'come from France recently.' You are the child of well-to-do people, and you have

run away from home."
"I have run away from home to escape being married to a man I hate, and fear. Last Fridey my anot shut me up in a small room, the secret of which is known only to herself, and declared I should never leave it until I had agreed to marry the man she had chosen for my hus-

"Mrs. Vernon, she might have given him my money. She might have stripped me of all I possessed, but I would rather have died than be-come his wife. I had not a friend in the world come his wife. I had not a friend in the world to help me, and I ran away. I watched my aunt as she left my prison, and discovered the secret mode of spening it. In the early hours of the day before a soul was stirring I escaped. I had to pass through the room where my aunt lay asleep. I don't know how I did it. Even now I can't bear to think of my agony lest she should awake. I did not dare to go to the nearest station where I was known. I walked miles to a tion where I was known. I walked miles to a little village which had a tiny rustic station few trains stopped, and then at last got to London. Mr. Pegton will have told me how he found me."

"But, my dear," sald Mrs. Vernion, gently, "no-parents, much less an aunt, would have the power to coerce you into a hated marriags. You imply that you have means of your own. Surely you must have other relations who would

protect you from your sunt."
"I have relations, but my father left me entirely in my aunt's charge, and—I cannot ex-plain it, but she has never cared for me. She has kept me aloof from all my kindred. She has never allowed me to have a single friend, and so when this struggle came between us there was no one whose help I could implore,"

The very tone, so simple in its carpestness, so impressive in its sadness, told Mrs. Vernon that this was no trumped up story, no imaginary tale of woe, but just the plain and truth. Her whole heart went out in pity to the girl whose young life exemed so shadowed.

"My dear," she said, taking Dorothy's hand in hers, "so far from condemning you I think you have acted bravely; but you must not you have acted bravely; but you must not think of going out as a governess, neeple would ask a hundred questions which would wring your heart. You look foo unlike a girl brought up to carn her bread for strangers not to be curious." But I must work," replied the girl, simply. "I have very little money left, and even that is borrowed," she added, wish a blush.
"Will you tell me the end of your story—your."

"Will you tell me the end of your story—your name," asked Mrs. Vernon. "Of course, I know that Eve Lynn is only assumed; don't trust me unless you like, but I can help you better if I know all."

"You know Sir Charles Peyton's family very ell," said Dorothy; "if you are his son's god-

"Very well indeed, but I will not betray your confidence to them. Dick shall go on thinking of you as Miss Lynn."

"It was so strange that out of all London he should be the one to help me, for, Mrs. Vernon,

he is my first cousin. I am Dorothy Peyton."
"What!" and Mrs. Vernon looked bewildered. "I am Drothy Peyton," wont on the girl, gravely, "and my aunt, who detests my uncle Charles, has kept me so aloof, that I have never seen him since I was a little child. Oh! Mrs. Vernon, when people envied me for being the heiress of Peyton Royal, they little knew how thankfully I would have given up all my money just for some one to care for me."

just for some one to care for me."

Mrs. Vernon's eyes were not dry as she bent down and kissed the poor lonely little girl.

"My dear," she said, after a pause, "will you tell me tohy you do not want Sir Charles Peyton and his family to know your secree!"

"Yes, I was brought up to believe they were my enemies, to think they hated me because my lite stood between their son and Peyton Royal. I know that while I lived in luxury they suffered actual poverty. Don't you see I held aloof (I was made to, I mean) all the while I needed nothing, and now to turn to Sir Charles when I am in trouble. It seems to me it would be so mean."

"I do not see it so," said Mrs. Vernon, quietly;
"but you shall have your way, only, my dear
little girl, you can't possibly go roaming about
the world by yourself. The heiress of Peyton
Royal mustn's live in chean falington lodgings,
or teach small children their A B C. Will you come to me, really on a visit but estensibly as my companion, until brighter days dawn for you!"

It would be delightful, but-"Speak out my dear; I like frankness."

"Well, you see, Arnt Junet's authority lasts outil I am twenty five, and that is nearly five years off. Now, you couldn't possibly keep me five years."

"The prespect does not alarm me very much, but, you know, the chances are I should not keep

You five months."
"You think I should die !"

"Nothing of the sort,

"Or that Aunt Janet would find me?"
"By no means. I think that your disappearance will so alarm Miss Lester, she will make such a six that your flight will be made public; in that case, if Sir Charles Peyton knew what you had gone through, he would-insist on Miss Leater's giving up the charge of you. The Lord Chancellor would appoint another guardian for

Chancelor would appoint another guardian for the rest of your minority."

"Gibby" (our old housekeeper) told mathere was a gentleman up in London on purpose to take care of orphane; that is what she must have meant.

"I expect so; and, Dorothy, you have for-goitan one thing-Miss Lester herself hes not the slightest power over Peyton Royal. When once it is discovered you have left her her rule

Darothy shuddered.

"You won't give me up to her?"
"You foolish child, I will keep you wish me as long as you care to atay. And now I will tell you my plan. I live in a fist, and have no one to consult. I will amounce to my servants that I am going to Brighton to-morrow for some weeks; then you shall meet me at Victoriaetation, and we will start for that cheerful watering-place. When I return I shall bring you with me as 'a young lady I met at Brighton,'

and there will be no room for idle curlosity." "I shall be grateful to you all my days," said Dorothy, warmly.

We have forgotten one trifling matter," said

the elder woman—your name!"
"I was christened 'Dorothy Evelyn, and when I came to London I decided on the second name, and made it do double duty."

"Well, I am afraid you cannot be 'Miss Well, I am atraid you cannot see a use Peyton, even at Brighton; but there is no reason why you should not be Dorothy Lynn. Now, remember, I shall get everything for you while you are with me just as though you were my daughter; and if your pride won't let you be comfortable under such an obligation, one of these days when you come into your fortune, you shall do just the same for some other lonely girl, and so we shall be quits. Besides, you know you are to be my companion, and companions must have a salar." have a salary

The first money I earn I must ray back the

sum Mr. Peyton leut me."
"Will you have it now !", asked Mrs. Vernon and let me be your creditor instead of Dick Which explains why Dick Peyton received a registered lettered envelope the next morning with the exact sum he had lent "Miss Lynn,"

and a alip of paper on which was written

hurriedly,—
"With a lonely girl's gratitude,"
And on Wednesday, one week, day for day, since her last meeting with Jocelyn Aveual, Dorothy went to Brighton with Mrs. Vernon. Had Avenal been only one day earlier he would have travelled by the same train, and his quest would have been less complicated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sin Changes Perron sat at his writing-table Sin Charles Perros say at his writing table looking deeply troubled; never in the old days of his bitter poverty had he looked quite so careworn and anxious as he did now, for at last the shadow which, unknown to him, had so long hung over his peace, had fallen. He knew the real character of his second son, and the knew ledge bowed him to the ground with grief and

chame.

Opposite to him, looking very dignified and cold, was his son-in-law. Mr. Travers had come down from London (at great personal inconvenience, as he took care to tell the Baronet) on purpose to hold this interview, and he was determined to unmask the scapegrace without pity. For Carl had point-blank refused to fall in with the little scheme drawn up by Travers for his benefit. He was willing to take the lawyer's money and to resign his present post (Carl would have taken awone's money, and the (Carl would have taken sayons's money, and the bread of idleness was quite congenial to him), but he would not hear of going out to Yokohama or of accepting a seat in a counting house there

"You can keep your miserable money," he told Travers, "and I'll go to Portland. The disgrace will be yours as well as mine."

The astute lawyer had no mind to own a brother-in-law in Portland, but he certainly would not pay the money and yet let Carl remain in England, so he simply came down to King's Aston and sought a private interview with Sir Charles.

"You must be mistaken," said the miserable father. "I know Carl is not so steady as his

"Ask Dick, if you doubt my word," replied Travers. "Why, Sir Charles, your eldest son has had to pay Carl's debts again and again. The scamp has even been to my wife and The scamp has even been to my wife and frightened her dress allowance out of her by threats of suicide if he did not get money."

"Why was I kept in ignorance;" demanded

Sir Charles "Well, I suppose Richard did not like the part of informer, and until lately I had no idea how had things were. It amounts to this, If the money Carl has stolen is not put back this week, it will be prosecution and penal servitude. I've offered him the money with the sele condi-tion that he leaves England, and he refuses it."
"He must be mad."

"No, he prefers the mency wishout conditions but he won't get it—from me."
"How much is it?"
"That he has stelen?" Poor Sir Charles

has no mas stelen? Foor Sir Charles winced at the word, but Travers went on pity-lessly, "Three hundred pounds. He told Dick less, but that is the real amount—three hundred before the sighteenth."

"I could never raise it in time. There may come a great change for the better in my

fortune soon but not in time."

He was thinking of the vast wealth that must come to Dok if Dorothy Peyton were indeed a changeling. He quite forgot that the money would be Dick's and not the family's, but that was a mistake his relations often made about

Dick's possessions.

"My dear sir," said Travers, "there's no need for you to trouble about the money. It's here right enough," and he touched his vest pockst, "but you must make your son hear reason and go away. There's a silp sails for Yokohama on Salurday. He must go in her."

"So soon!"

"There's nothing to gain by walting."

"But the Chief. Carl has never given notice."

"But the Chief. Carl has never given notice."

"In mother in his mother in law, would be able to come and stay with Kathleen, early in November, at which date a very important domestic event was expected in the house of Travers.

"Hareally is very nice," said Lady Peyton, as Travers drove eff. with her husband, "and you do you know, Miss Nairn, I have never managed to heartily like him and what my pretty Kath-

" I had a little chat with the Chief yesterday, He tells me they are so dissatisfied with Carl he will receive notice after the next audit and be dismissed for conduct unbecoming a Civil servant, his Chief begged me to represent to you that this would ruin his reputation in England, and only immediate resignation would avoid it."

Sir Charles ground. Oddly enough he had

been feeling pretty cheerful. Joselyn Avenal's letter had gone far to convince him that Dorothy

Peyton was a changeling. In fancy's eye he had seen Dick reigning at Peyton Royal and the prosperty of the family assured.

"Shall I write to Carli" said poor Sir Charles, saily. He felt somehow an extra sense of degradation because it was Travers who had brought the news for though a successful man, an excellent husband and a good citizen, Travers was not to the manner born. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, why then the lawyer had not attained that rank though its was possible his some—if Kathleen Peyton gave him any, might reach it.

"It will be of no use to write," said Travers.
"Ten to one Carl would guess your letter was a lecture and never open it. Come back to London with me. We'll call at the office just at the time of closing, and he can't secare us."

of closing, and he can't escape us."

"I suppose it will be best," said poor Sir Charles, "but there's no hurry and I must see Charles, "but there Dick before I start."

"Dick will see the matter from a common-

sense point of view," said the lawyer. "But he didn't. If a common-sense point of view meant caring nothing about the prodigal, Dick Peyton had borne too much and suffered too much through his brother, not to be warmly attached to him. Carl had been a heavy burden on his shoulders almost ever since their schooldays, but Dick would never have been the one

to suggest his exile. to suggest his exile.

"It's just this, sir," he told his father when
Sir Charles had pursued him to the sungery and
brought him back to the Hut, to discuss the
matter in his (Dick's) own sanetum, before facing Travers. "If the money is not paid by the 18th, it means exposure and—probably, Portland. I can't get the sum needed, I tried hard enough. I went up to London and called on one money lender after another, but not one of them would make an advance. One of the contraterity told me that Carl had 'paper' out in every direction, and it would take four thousand pounds to clear him."

" Dick "And," went on Dick bravely, "at home he will always be thrown with far richer men and—of course it is a temptation. And hitherto he has had more than half my income; but, dad, I am nearly twenty-five and some day I should like a home of my own, a wife, and perhaps children round me. I could not go on giving Carl every panny I could screw out, after paying for all necessities."

Sir Charles wrung his firstborn's hand. "I understand, Dick, you've had a hard time of it, my boy, and may be we've all of us put on you a little, Yes, Carl must go to Yokohama. If you come in for Peyton Royal perhaps he might come back."

Dick shook his head,

"I don't believe in Avenal's day dreams, dad, but I am pretty certain that if I did come in for Peyton Royal, Carl would feel the difference between our fortunes so terribly that he would rather be anywhere than in England."

Nothing was said to Lady Peyton. Travers possessed, to a wonderful extent, the gift of biding his thoughts and feelings. To have seen him at the improvised early lunch, you would have thought he had come down to King's Asson solely for the pleasure of seeing the Peytons and discovering if his mother-in-law, would be

"Perhaps it was his love attracted her," enggested Vi." I could not help noticing that enggested Vi." I could not help noticing that Mr. Travers' whole face and manner changed when he spoke of his wife. I think a love like that must win for itself a return."

"Oh, Kathleen is devoted to him," returned her mother, "it was not his money or anything he could give her, but just the man himself. it was not his money or anything Only, after having been brought up among such men as her father and brothers, I never could understand it."

Meanwhile. Sir Charles and his son-in-law reached London, after a very silent journey, and hailing a hansom, drove straight to Carl's office, or more correctly to the office of the department

But here a shock awaited them.

Mr. Peyton was not in, had not been there all day, and there was a meaning stress on the simple words which convinced Sir Charles something was wrong.

"He sent in his card and was admitted to the presence of the manager of the department,

who looked unusually grave.
"I am very sorry to tell you that your son has left us," he said to Sir Charles very quietly." I had occasion to speak to him last night about ome discrepancies in the accounts. To day I some discrepancies in the accounts. received a curt note resigning his clerkship for dryent family reasons.

Sir Charles turned white as death. Brave man and old soldier as he was, fear conquered him then. Travers, who kept cool, asked the question the father's lips could not frame.

Did Mc. Graham suppose his remark about the accounts had led to this step ?"

The Chief looked at him fixedly,

"There is no doubt in my mind that the accounts were wrong!" he said shortly. "I will go so far as to say that there was a deficiency of over two hundred pounds. I do not know. I will not ask to know how this arose. missing money has been refunded, and I am willing for the sake of a good old family and an honoured name to make no further enquiries, but, I must say, distinctly, that, if Mr. Peyton had not resigned he would have been dismissed, and I can not undertake to give him such a recommendation as would tell favourably with

any possible future employer."
He rang his bell, and the two men bowed themselves out; Sir Charles, with his head bent, a look of nameless trouble about him—that honoured head which had never been bent down

by shame before.

He did not speak till they were in the atreet, then he asked, hoarsely,—
"What does this mean ?"

Travers shrugged his shoulders.

He has repaid the money. How did he get We had better go and ask bim."

The sky was dark with clouds, and the rain fell heavily, but Travers never shrank from what he deemed a duty. Calling a cab he gave the driver the address of Carl's chambers or dig-

gings as he mostly called them.
"Travers," asked the poor father as they drove along, "how could be get that money. A pro-fessional usurer told Dick more than a week ago that not one of his fraternity would lend Carl another shilling."

Travers only shrugged his shoulders, but thought in his own mind could the black sheep have had the audacity to forge his (Travers's) name to a cheque. It seemed unlikely since the lawyer wrote a most peculiar signature, but no other idea occurred to him. He had just sufficient good feeling not to mention this one

Very smart rooms, not at all what you would have expected as the abode of a genteel pauper—so Carl always described himself. Sir Charles rang the bell furiously, and it was answered almost immediately by a showily dressed parlourmaid.

"Is Mr. Peyton in ?"

"No, sir."
Sir Charles turned to Travers.
"We had better wait, he can't be long."

The dameel tossed her head.

It won't do you no good to wait gentlemen,

we don't expect Mr. Peyton back under a week or ten days.

"Can you give me his address?"
"No," and she shook her head expressively.
"He told missis no one was to have it, but we can forward any letters."
"I am his father," said Sir Charles, im-

"I am his father," said Sir Charles, im-patiently; "I am sure he would wish me to be an exception."

"It's mostly fathers and mothers young gents don't want at such times," tittered the smart

Travers interposed. Sir Charles was looking so angry his sen-in-law really felt alarmed for the girl's asfety. Silpping half a crown into her hand the lowyer asked pleasantly, "can you tell us what has taken Mr. Peyton out of town. Even if you may not divulge his address, I daressy you know if it is good or bad news that hurried him away

The girl smiled and showed her white teeth.

"Well, sir, you seem quite the gentleman, so
I'm sure there can be no harm in my telling
you. I never heard that Mr. Peyton had any
news particular, but he was married this morning, and he's gone for his honey moon."

fug, and he's gone for his honey moon.

Sir Charles was speechless, but Travers was equal to the occasion.

"That's wonderful news, and the bride, I "That's wonderful news, and the bride, I suppose you know her name!"

I never heard it, eir. It took us all by sur-Mr. Peyton called missis up last night and paid her all he owed, which was over twenty pounds. Then he said he was to be married this morning, and he should be away quite ten days. He wasn't sure whether he should keep these rooms on when he came back to town, but he rather thought he'd want a bachelor crib, and so he paid up to the end of this month, and long before that he said he'd let us know."

Sir Charles turned away without a word.
Travers said a pleasant "good afternoon" to
the girl, and then followed his father-in-law.

"Mrs. Carl must be an hefress," he said, cheerfully, "s "and have come down handsomely

"Don't," cried poor Sir Charles, "what have my wife and I done to have such a son. Can't you see it all. He has married some utterly you see it all. He has married some utterly impossible person for her money. I gave up home, family, and fortune for love. My wife, Heaven bless her, is the most unselfish, disinterested woman in the world. What have we done to have such a son?

Mr. Travers did not attempt an answer, his

feelings were not fine enough to understand Sir Charles's agony. To him, since Carl had es-caped penal servitude, and (evidently) had feathered his neet for the future, the marriage seemed a prudent speculation, but to the baronet it was little less disgraceful than the cause which had occasioned it. There was no keeping the news from Lady Peyton, for the next morning's papers all contained the following appouncement among the marriages: "On 16th instant, by special licence, Carl, second son of Sir Charles Peyton, Baronet, of the Hut, King's Aston Herts, to Adelina Luciada, widow of Taines B. Pots, Esq., of New York, and only daughter of the late Josiah H. Wilkins, of same city

In did not lessen the shock to Sir Charles and his wife when they learned a little later that their new daughter-in-law was the widow of an American pork butcher, and was not far from her aftieth birthday.

(To be continued.)

A currous application of the Rontgen rays has A cunious application of the Rontgen rays has been made by two noted British scientists. They took true and false diamonds for the experiment, and obtained entirely different results. When the rays were applied to the false diamonds only indistinct images appeared on the photographic plates. The real diamonds, however, allowed the rays to pass, and, as a result, much darker pictures were produced on the plates. Thus a certain method of discovering the quality of diamond of discovering the quality of diamond of the control o monds is assured.

EVA'S LOVE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was some momenta before Mark Ramsey

It seemed such an extraordinary request for that earnest young woman standing before him to make, without any preliminary of any kind,

"Are you her sister?" he inquired, at last.

"No," Kate answered, beginning to feel rather uncomfortable with those penetrating eyes fixed upon her.

Any relation ?"

"Then may I ask by what authority you make your singular request? I have been looking for a face like that for months and found it only by accident. The young lady was is sore financial straits, and fold me sufficient of her history to make me understand that there were enemies at work against her. I want you to understand now that if you are one of them you have come to the wrong man to ask assistance. It makes not a penny sworth of difference to me who she is, nor what abe is, nor whether she has-or ever had any references, upon which abe seemed to lay so much stress. She was in hard luck. She wanted my assistance, I wanted hers, and we struck a bargain. If she wants to back out of it let her come here and tell me so and I will release her, but if she comes to me I will carry out my part of the contract."

He looked at Kate as if he expected that to eternally settle the matter, but to his surprise she

smiled agreeably.

I see I have more to hope for than I thought," she returned, stepping round more in front of him, and seating herself without any invitation whatever. "I expected to find you a man thoroughly infattasted with his own desires, fallen in love-in an artistic sense who had alone-with my little friend's ethereal beauty, and who would not yield the point of her sitting at any price. I confess that I believed my mission to be a forlorn hope, but I am convinced now that you will give up your desire for her sake'

"Umph!" grunted Mark Ramsey, uncom-omisingly. "You are taking a great deal for promisingly.

granted.

"In the first place," continued Kate, as if she had not heard him, "you do no credit to your powers of penetration in considering me the enemy at work against Miss Brook, because I cerlook anything but a lady able to engage and discharge. That I am not got up for the part is evidenced by my thin cheeks and gaunt frame. I might manage the dress, but I couldn't deceive an artist with the circles about my eyes, nor the lines of my countenance. Nothing but lack of food could bring those, and Eva and I have-starved together.

Mark Ramsey moved uncomfortably. You gave her five shillings for arranging your

rooms. She bought food with it. It was the first I had tasted in three days. The first she had was in your rooms when you were kind enough to understand her necessity and supply

Kate Hastings showed no emotion whatever as she uttered the words. They were the gaunt grim truth, that was all, and she spoke them in just that way.

Mark Ramsey was interested.

"And how have matters changed since

"And now have matters changed since yesterday, that either of you can afford to decline honest employment?" he questioned.

"That is a difficult question to answer," returned Kats, thoughtfully. "In a sense they have changed very greatly; in another, not at all. This morning we left our little attic room treather. I comise with her to the corner of this together, I coming with her to the corner of this street, because she was not fit to be left either mentally or physically fit. She fainted as she reached your door. At present she is lying upon a couch in as handsome a room as I ever entered, and by her side a young man is sitting

who would give his very life for her-a young

"Ah!" muttered Mark Ramsay, turning his eyes upon his picture as if the conversation were concluded and he were going back to work.

"That young man is the son of Raiph Anstru-

"You mean—Jack Anstruther," cried the artist, turning to her again with renewed

interest.
"I do. Do you know him t"
"Koow him t Of course I do, and would give
my head for one half his talent. He is one of my warmest friends. What is she to Jack An-

Nothing-nothing under heaven, except that he loves her.

46 And she-

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"He is a cripple," answered Kate, sadly.
"In Heaven's name what difference does that
make! Because one man's back is not like
another's does that rob him of the heart and another's does that rob him of the heart and soul of a man? Jack Anstruther is one of the noblest fellows that ever lived. He is a here and a marby. Is there not sufficient unselfishness in the world for a woman to love him and not his oursed back? Good Heavens! If I were a woman I should love him all the more because he is not as others are. I should love him for the very power I should possess to make him happy, to prove my devenion. Look here. I confess I am interested in this now. Why do you want me to give back that promise which your friend made me? Tell me the truth, and I may yield it."

may yield it."
"I thought you would, and somehow I know that I may trust you. She has suffered. I canthat I may trust you. She has suffered. I cannot tell you how, or why, because I should be
betraying her secret; but it was through one she
loved becoming the model for an artist. She
believes that this curse of poverty has been sent
upon her because of her hardness of heart
toward that one, and she believes her expisition
lies in her becoming one herself. But in it. noward snas one, and she believes her expiation ites in her becoming one herself. But it is breaking her heart, Mr. Ramsey. Last night the did not sleep, but moaned and wept all night. It may seem abourd to you, but death would be less terrible to her. Yet, if you do refuse to allow her to sit for you, she will come here of her own accord and do it."

She stronged middenly, and looked at him.

She stopped suddenly, and looked at him curiously. He had arisen, and rang a bell. A

man answered his summons, "Bland," he said, hur "Bland," he said, hurriedly, "clean that palatte and brushes. I'm going out. Excuse me for one moment, Miss-ah."

Before she could supply the name, he had vanished. He returned in a little while with the paint off his hands, another coat on, and his

"With your permission," he said, quietly, to Kate, "I am going to call upon your little friend. I doe't think you need fear to trust me."
"I do not," answered Kate, smiling. "The address is—"

Will you come with me !" he interrupted.

She laughed outright.
"In this costume?" she returned. "I am

"A lady is a lady in any costume," he interrupted, speaking the words in an annoyed rather-than a gallant tone. "Come, please!"

And with a very meek and lowly bearing Kate followed. Somehow she felt that the man dominated her completely. She still heard her words concerning Jack Anstruther ringing in his ears, and felt in some vague way that if he had commanded her to marry Jack she should do it without question. She who had alwars come. without question. She who had always com-manded, was being led like a small child.
"Shall we ride in the tram car or walk?" he

"Shall we ride in the tram car or walk?" he saked, as they reached the street.

"The distance is not great," she answered.

"Walk, then," he returned.

"Very wall," she said, meekly.

"It is getting frightfully hot again," he grumbled as they walked along. "The climate of this country seems to be changing altogether, and not for the better, either."

" I think we are all rather prone to forget the disagreeable part of last year, and eternally imagine our present inconvenience of suffering,

whichever it may be, to be the worst of all. I remember just as disagreeable weather on other occasions as we have at present. The weather is a very small thing to find fault with. It seems to me that a very least to me that the seems to me that people are pardoned for growling only where their affliction is unique. It everyone must etand what you are enduring what right have you to complain?"

He looked down at her with a glosm of amuse-

He looked down at her with a gleam of anusement in his grey eyes. She was actually taking him to task, and apparently without knowing it.

"It is very easy for one to preach when one doean't feel the heat," he said, more evenly.

"You look exasperatingly cool."

"Perhaps I am. A siege of six weeks almost without food is not conducive to excessive warmth. It is an ill wind that blows no good."

They both laughed. It struck Maris Ramsey as being a trifle extraordinary that she could just

being a trifle extraordinary that she could jest over such trials as here had been.
"What is the matter with you!" he questioned. "Gouldn't you get references,

either I"
"Oh yes, but I haven't got education enough
to teach. They are not employing anyone in the
stores new. On the contrary, there are hundreds
in my condition, I suppose. No one would take in my condition, I suppose. No one would take me when I wanted to go out to service, because I

had no experience."
"But the change has come both for you and

your little friend now."

I am not so sure of that. Neither she nor I are the sere to live upon charity. I am quite con-vinced that she will not marry Mr. Austruther. I don't see how the position is changed in the very

"Then why not let her sit for me ?"

" Because I don't want her in a lunatic

"You people have such abourd ideas of an artist's model. It is only business, and a lady does not lose her characteristics in the very

least."

"Then you would not hesitate to allow a woman you loved to pose for a friend?"

"Well—you see—I don't love any woman?" stammered Mark Ramsey.

"But if you did?" ahe persisted.

"Well, that might be different again."

"Ah! There is an old but exceedingly potent saying, however vulgar it may be, that it is all the difference in the world as to whose ox is gored."

Mark Ramsey laughed. "You are a curious girl," he exclaimed.
"Suppose you come and sit for me yourself!"
"No, thank you! And yet, if I were sure that

you were not jesting with me I might not decline. My sensibilities are not so acute as Miss Srook's. If I told you I should do it I should not weep at night about it. But I'm afraid you would never find a purchaser for your

picture."
"I don't believe I should care to," returned Mark Ramsey, dryly, "Ouce in a while it strikes an artist's fancy to keep something of his own creation for his own benefit,"
A bright flush steined Kate's face from chin to brow. She tried to find some words to answer, then orded out with infinite relief,—
"Oh, here we are! What shall you say to

CHAPTER XXVIL

The artist did not reply. His eyes were bent quizzically upon the girl at his side.

Neither of them spoke until the maid had answered the summons, then alone he was shown

She still lay there upon the couch with Jack Austruther aitting beside her, looking prettier than she had done for weeks.

Ramsey's quick eye took in the scene with evident admiration, then he went quickly forward in recognition of Jack's exclamation of augusties. aurorina

Halloo, old man I" cried Jack, with delight.

Where did you come from?" Ramsey shook hands cordially.

"I heard an accident had happened to my new | day

model, and I came to see about it," returned

Rameey, turning his eyes smilingly upon Eva.

"Your model!" gasped Jack, while Eva coloured painfully. "Your model! "Do you mean to say it was you to whom Miss Brook applied!"

"You are labouring under a misantrahension."

applied!"
"You are labouring under a misapprehension,"
returned Ramsey. "It was I who applied to
her. I hope you are bester, Miss Brook!"
"Very much, thank you," answered Eva.
He looked at her critically.
"Hang it all!" he exclaimed with a laugh,
without giving her an opportunity to add anything further. "You have altered so that you
won't do for my picture at all now. What have
you here doing to yourself. That delichtful you been doing to yourself? That delightful expression of desperation was entirely vanished. That suicidal mania about the eyes and around the mouth isn't there at all. I call it a shame ! Confound it all, what have you done to my model, Jack !

He turned again to young Anstruther. The expression of delight upon the boyish face would have repaid Ramsey for any sacrifice he could

e made. For one thing, I have been trying to persuale to give it up," answered Jack, endeavouring

her to give it up," answered Jack, endeavouring to look beseeching.

"Give is up!" echoed Ramsey. "Why, she is no good now! Any artist can get a thousand happy models a day for half the terms I offered her, but he couldn't find a face like hers was yesterday in a century. My dear Miss Brook, you have simply ruined yourself. I do not add that you have ruined me, but I might do so."

He threw himself in a chair and looked at her

disconsolately. She lifted herself upon her elbow and looked at him earnestly.

"Do you mean that you do not wish me to alt for you!" she asked, incredulously.

"Of course I do !" he returned. "What good could it do me now!"

good could it do me now?"

A sort of gasp of delight left Jack's lips.
Regardless of Ramsey's presence, he leaned forward and placed his hand upon Eva's, almost hurting her by the power of his touch.

"Remonder way promise to mat" he

"Remember your promise to me!" he exclaimed. "You who stand so closely by your pledged word. Once before you made me a promise and broke it. I don't blame you for that, but from this one I shall never release you. Why, can't you see the hand of Heaven in it? I have not left this room. I have not left this room. I have not set to use almost of its own accord. I had no idea even hat, but from this one I shall never rel that a dear friend of mine was the man to

you had engaged. Evs. you will not forget?"
"The promise was conditional," answered
Eva, breathlessly. "Preserve your part of it and you need not question mine."

He leaned back in his chair with a smile, pale

from repressed feeling, and at the same moment Kate entered the room

She was hatless, and as if she had not been in

Eva turned to her with pleasure.
"Will you let me introduce my very dear friend Mr. Ramaey?" she asked. "Miss Hastings -Mr. Ramsey."
The two bowed quite formally to each other,

and Kate took a chair near them.

"I feel as if I had been horribly swindled, Miss Hastings," Ramsey exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone that did not sound in the least genuine. "Yesterday Miss Brook promised to still for me for a victure that I have a a sit for me for a picture that I have had in my mind for years, but could find no one to pose for the central figure. Of course, the contract included that she should preserve the same expression and appearance she were then, instead of which I and her here to-day an entirely different person. It is very hard on a

"Perhaps it is squally hard on her." laughed

"Does she look as if snything had affected her very unpleasantly. It is all your fault, Jack, and I owe you one!

"You may take it in any way you please,"
cried Jack, unable to keep the delight out of his
voice. "I cannot say what I owe you, but some I hope you will know. Your refusal to paint Miss Brook has given me the opportunity of my life. In spite of my crooked back, I shall add comething of value to the collections of the world. I feel it now.

There was a suspicion of tears in Eva's eyes as ahe looked at him. She was glad, in spite of the hatred of the very thought that she was to sit for him, glad he would have the opportunity he craved.

How good he was I and why should he, of all the world, be denied happiness because his back was ill-shapen I Was not that his horrible mis-fortune I And are we to suffer eternally for a misfortune Y

She knew that he loved her, but-

She would not allow herself to continue her reflections, bus put them aside, and listened to the two artists as they discussed their work; listened and became interested, even hating their profession as she did.

"When shall you begin your work?" she asked of Jack, as he was leaving, "and where? You know I cannot come to your studio, and."

and-

"I have thought of that. I shall have a little room in this house that I had long ago, when I was a boy, if Mrs. Jaffrey has not rented it. Then I can be near you, and-

"But I cannot afford to live here i" stammered

Why not!" inquired Jack. "It is very "Why not?" inquired Jack. "It is very reasonable. I know, because my father and I boarded with Mrs. Jaffrey when we were very pobr. I assure you the clarges would be no greater than elsewhere. You may have other rooms if you like, and they are vacant, which, of course they are, as everything is in summer. Speak to her about it, will you!"

"Yes; but it is so abourd."

But Jack was very available to so Mrs. Jaffrey.

Bat Jack was very careful to see Mrs. Jaffr first, which he took occasion to do before he left.

the house.
"I am going to trust you," he exclaimed, looking up into the kindly face that had loved him as a boy. "It would be useless for me to what you have already seen but clearly. I know there is no hope for me, and you needn't begin to point out the fact to me. The truth is, I wouldn't accept the sacrifice from her if she were willing to make it, but I want to be near her as much as possible. I want her to retuain here with you, where she will be safe, and I want you to love her because I tove her and because you love me. She is very beautiful, and she needs protection. You understand me i" stand me

Mrs. Justrey modded.

"Of course she can't afford to pay your prices, but-I can. She wouldn't allow me to pay a penny for her if she knew it, to save my life, -can't we deceive her together, you and I ! I want you to let her have a nice front room, say the one on the second floor, for a nominal rent You may charge the difference to me for the little studie I occupied when I was a boy. You will let me have it !"

"Let you have it," she echced. "I shall be only

too pleased to have you here."
"Then consider it settled. Don't let her know I have spoken to you, but when she asks you about the rent you will know better what to say to her than I can. And I am sure you will help her and me."
"I wish I could help you both to be happy.

she exclaimed cently.

She entered Eva's room when both men were gone, and thraw herself into a chair with the freedom of an old friend.

Theral she exclaimed. "I wanted to get in before Jack left, and only caw him going down the steps. He has a face too hundsome for a

"And yet one could not call it effeminate," and Eva, thoughtfully.

"Not in the least. And, ch-l what a good fellow he is! Did you ever see his step-mother, biles Brook!"

Yes

"Isn't she horrid! You know we boardinghouse keepers are noted gossips, and I act going to hear out the reputation. Ralph Anstruther requised her to save that unfortunate boy of his.

Ralph was very poor--so poor that he could not fill the prescriptions ordered by the doctor when the accident happened to Jack. He could not hire a nurse for the boy, and he could not leave him alone. The dilemma was a pitiable enough one, I can tell you. He worshipped the boy. He saw his opportunity with that odious woman, and married her. No one can blame him. and married her. No one can blame him. Heaven known I didn't. And he has been a good husband to her. While he never protended to love her, he has treated her with the utmost or, and commanded it for her from others. But Jack! Oh, how I love that boy ! 12

He is worthy of being loved." " Worthy ! If ever Heaven sent an angel on this earth it is Jack Austruther. Some day, when you know every act of his life as I do, you will understand all this. And what a pity that he is to be deated love because his back is injured. It stems to me one of the cruellest decrees of Heaven, Miss Brook.

"But do you think a woman that loved him would let that stand in the way ?"

"Ah! but would a woman learn to love him as

he is now ?" Mrs. Jaffrey leaned toward Eva, and suddenly

the girl saw her meaning. She coloured painfully.

" You mean-" she stammered.

"Yes, he loves you, my child. There, I shouldn't have said that, but as I told you before, I am only a gossiping old woman."

"Oh, Mrs. Jaffrey I" cried Eva, "I wish you would let me talk to you. I have no one to advise me except Kate, and after all she is no older than I. Do you think it right for me to allow Jack to come to see me, knowing what I know! Do you think it right for me to be in his ecclety day after day, when there is nothing to hope for !

Mrs. Jaffrey besitated, then arose, and going to the side of the conch leaned forward and kissed Eva upon the cheek. There were tears in the

woman's eyes.

"My dear little girl," she said, gently, "you might do a very great deal worse than to marry k, even without that passionate here worship which you young girls seem to think necessary to marriage. You are alone in the world. You marriage. need the protection of a good, upright, honest man, and Jack Anstruther would give it to you to the last day of his life. You might do very anneh worse than to marry him."

And Mrs. Jaffrey left the room suddenly. She

who, earlier in the day, had hoped Eva might not be tempted was the first to tempt her.

Is it not the way of the world !

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FEW men have ever been placed in the embarrassing position in which Peroy Railton found himself.

It never occurred to him as even possible that the affair had been got up by the quick-witted girl who still leaned against his breast as it power

to move had been depied her.

It never entered his mind that she and her mother had anticipated just what had happened, and had arranged what would transpire between

thomselves.
And if Percy Railton was, certainly Ralph

Anstruther was just as much surprised. Ha had never chought of Percy as a possible addition to his family circle, because he had never dreamed that he would full in love with a girl like Olga.

There was absolutely not a point of congeniality between them, and that a man of ample fortune should desire her of his own free will and appeared to the control of the co will will and accord to become his wife was semething beyond Ralph Anstruther's compre-

He stood there silently staring, Percy silently colouring and paling by turns, Olga silently leaning with all the graceful abandon she could assume against Percy's breast, but Mrs. Anstruther was not silent in the least.

She went forward, after just the briefest pause possible, with a little simper of delight, and

drawing her "dear daughter" away from Percy, put her own chubby arms about that little short neck and embraced her with parental

"My dear daughter," she exclaimed, her voice quivering with tears. "My depress Oiga, is this really true? Are we to lose our treasure? And to think that I never even suspected that you cared for each other! Oh, Mr. Railton, what ought we to may to you! I am afraid you have been a very naughty boy to come among us and steal our treasure from And you have been a very sly boy, for not one of us suspected your intention. But I suppose you will remind us of the old truism that all is fair in love and war.' One fortunate thing is that Olga could not have chosen more please her father and myself. Isn't that true, Ralph 9"

Percy's position was pitiable. What was there

that he could say ?

He turned his eyes upon Olga, expecting her to extricate him from his abominably false position, but she threw him an appealing look which he entirely misconstrued. It seemed to him to

say,—
"Save me now from the consequences of my
own folly, and I will get you out of it later,"
Appealed to in words, Ralph Austrather managed to suppress his surprise, and stepped forward.

"Before I reply I should like to hear from Mr. Railton," returned Mr. Anstruther, striving to cover his embarrasament. "Is this a betrothal which we have witnessed?"

And as Percy gulped down his annoyance and

And as Percy gulped down his annoyance and chagrin Olga came to his relief.

"Mir. Railton has done me the honour to ask me to be his wife," she stammered, prettily. "I confess that this is a trial to both him and me to be found in the position in which you discovered us, but it is something that we could not await. not avoid.

"Accidents will occur in the best regulated families," simpered Mrs. Anstruther, while her husband coloured violently over the vulgarity of

the remark

He put out his hand to Percy to cover his con-

He put out his hand to Percy to cover his confusion, and exclaimed, hastily,—
"If my wife is antisfied with the choice her daughter has made I am delighted with the new addition to the family. Balieve me, Percy, I have nothing but good wishes to offer. Mrs. Anstruther and I were going out to see a new governess for the children. Will you remain and dine with us quite on famille?"

"Thank you—not to-night," stammered Percy, helplessly. "I—I have an important business engagement which it is impossible to break. I—I hope you will excuse me."

(To be continued.)

LADY BARBARA.

-:0:-

(Continued from page 128.)

"I never thought of that," "It was no use to think of it sooner. You couldn't buy dresses at the hotel or in a church!
"But I have no money," confessed Barbara.

"But I have."

She shook her head mournfully.

"I hever would have come if I had thought of that. You see, Hugh, I forgot one couldn't manage without clothes, and I believe they are dreadfully expensive. Anat Julia used to say

"Well, I don't feel afraid."

"But you see you are poor," said Barbara, pathetically. "And Lord Anatruther has promised annt Julia he'll never recommend you to

any situation again."
"How very kind of him!"
Hugh conducted his young wife to one of those celebrated emporiums at the West end which provide anything at a minute's notice, where he domanded that the purchases should be finished, packed up, and lodged in the cloakt little

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May 23, 1896.

room at Victoria station by half-past seven. The bland shop woman never murmured; she must put up with a little inconvenience for such

a generous patron.

It was not much after one o'clock. The happy pair lunched at a restaurant, and then wens to a picture-gallety. Truly theirs was a most extraordinary wedding-day. But then Hugh's one object was to give Barbara no time to break down. He knew excitement would to break down. He she was come on her world seep her up; when she was come on her way to the Continent the resetion might come, but till then she must keep up her spirits. And she kept them up until she was seated in the coupé of the down express specially reserved

the coupe of the table.

"I wonder if I'm very wicked," she said, with a kind of sob. "Hugh, I nover once thought of auno Julia and what a fright she'd be in."

"You're not a bit wicked," returned Hugh, fondly, "Barbara, darling, you shall nover repent to-day. My one object will be to make you

"I'm quite happy now," and she nestled the least bit closer to him. "I want nothing but you."
"I saw some friends of yours yesterday, Barbara—the Clintons."

"Did you?"

"They had just come to town. Mrs. Clinton made me stay to dinner." "And did they tell you?"

"About the wedding—yes. They said it was to be a very grand affair, and they wanted you to be a bridesmaid.

"I hope Gladys will be happy."

"She's sure to be. Lisle's a famous fellow."
Do you know him?"

Went for a tour with him once,"

"Hugh, it seems to me you know everyone."

CHAPTER IV.

THE excitement at the Park when Miss Mor-timer discovered her niece's flight was intense. Aunt Julia was for going to the police station and giving orders for Mr. Norman's arrest; but luckily the combined persussions of Giles and the housekeeper dissuaded her from this step, and after an hour's wringing of hands and sobe and lamentations she decided to write to Lord Austruther.

"Had you better not call on his lordship, madam I suggested Giles, respectfully. "There'll be a lot of time lost by writing; whereas if you went up by the afternoon train you might catch the Earl the first thing to-morrow."

Miss Mortimer sighed.
"But I never was in London in my life, Giles. I shouldn't know what hotel to go to. I should be robbed and murdered to a certainty.

Giles was equal to the occasion,

Mrs. Clinton is in London, me'am, and she's staying with her daughter at the Laugham Hotel. I should say you couldn't do better than to go there also."

The spinster reflected and finally decided. Dressed in her most funereal gown, with Giles and a huge box in close attendance, she caught the afternoon train for London, and arrived at the Langham Hotel just an hour before the bridal pair left Victoria by the tidal train.

Miss Mortimer's appearance was eminently respectable. Giles in Lord Austruther's livery was a most dignified retainer. Aunt Julia found no difficulty in gaining accommodation at the Lang. ham. It a steepless night was caused by the constant traffic, and a racking headache by grieving over Barbara's wilfulness, that should not be attributed to the landlord's fault.

Lord Anstruther's town residence was in one

of the atreets near Piccadilly, and directly after breakfast Miss Mortimer set off in a four-wheeled

cab, with Giles on the box.

The manning looked deserted; every blind was lowered, and the whole house had a foreshen absent aspect from the outside; but the liveried servant who opened the door seemed not alto-gether amazed at Miss Mortimer's arrival. He knew quite well that the lady was residing

at the Park as mistress, and was disposed to show all fitting courtesy to her on that account.

"I am sorry the Earl is from home, ma'm,"

he said, civilly. "Can I take any message?"
"I will wait," said aunt Julia, feveriably.
"My business is of the very greatest importance."
The servant looked puzzled.

"I don't think it would be any use your waiting, madam. My master left for the Confi-nent last evening. We have no orders respecting

his return. He may be gone for weeks."

This was too much for Miss Mortimer—the last straw which proverbially breaks the camel's

"I know no one clee to go to," she said, pitcously; "no one clee at all."

The sevent reflected a moment.

The sevent reflected a moment.

That the visitor was highly respected by his master he was quite aware. Beaddes, Lord Anstruther had said to him only two days before,—
"Send on all letters from the Park. If anyone from there wants me you had better give them Mr. Adamson's address."

This lass recollection was a ray of inspiration, have informed Miss. Mortings that his master's

James informed Miss Mortimer that his master's solicitor would doubtless give her the benefit of his advice in Lord Austruther's absence, and the address having been delivered to Giles the cab started for Pump-court.

"If only Mr. Snooka lived in London," thought aunt Julia with a sigh. Somehow she did not feel so sure of tracing her runaway Barbara and defeating Mr. Norman's matrimonial projects as

when she left Austruther Park.

Mr. Adamson was in, and disengaged. Miss
Mortimer was ushered into his private room as "a lady from the Earl of Austruther, sir 1"
The worthy solicitor was a little puzzled. He knew Lord Austruther well enough to be aware

he had no elderly relations, but he had no time for inquiries.

Miss Mortimer began at once.
"I came to London, sir, to consult Lord
Anstructer under most distressing circumstances. His servants tell me he is in Paris and referred me to you.

"Certainly," replied the solicitor. "Certainly.
May I ask what assistance I can render you,

madem ?

"My name is Mortimer. I reside at Austru-ther Park with my niece, the Lady Barbara Forteeners" Fortescue.

Mr. Adamson's manner changed as though by

"I have heard your name, madam; the Lady Barbara, if I mistake not, is Lord Austruther's ward ?"

"She is, unhappy girl."
"And how can he assist you! The Earl is in Paris. He crossed last night, I believe."
Miss Mortimer looked up at the man of law

with a disappointed face.

"I came to London on purpose to see him. I thought he would have found her for me, She has run away. Faney, Mr. Adamson, my niece, the Lady Barbara Fortesoue, has run away !"

"Run away!"
"Run away!" repeated the spinster, testily. "At least, I suppose so. She has not been seen or beard of since Monday night, when she retired to rest as usual. And that is not the worst of it, In defiance of my wishes she was engaged to one of Lord Anstruther's servants. I make no doubt in my own mind that the infatuated girl has eloped with him."

Very, very grave had grown the lawyer's face.
"I think you are mistaken, madam! A lady
of refinement could hardly make such a choice."

"He was not exactly a common servant. I am alluding to the young man Norman, whom the Earl sent down to manage his affairs."

If ever man looked relieved from a mortal error Mr. Adamson was the man.

"I know Mr. Norman well," he said, cheerfully. "If Lady Barbara is with him I don't think things are so very distressing. You see, Miss Mortimer, he is Lord Anstruther's chosen

friend. In fact, they are inseparable.'
Miss Mortimer fumed.

"Then you refuse to help me?" "Far from it, madam. I am ready to assist you to the atmost of my power. I only seek to know how I can be of service to you."

I want my niece.

"Precisely. But she is not here. I do not keep young ladies hidden in my office. Besides, I have not the pleasure of knowing the Lady Barbara.

But I want you to find her for me."

"But I want you to hid her for me.
"I think, judging the matter from your own
account, she is probably with Mr. Norman. I
should imagine that the young people, judging
you implacable, had resolved on a runaway
match."

Miss Mortimer made no attempt to move.
Poor Mr. Adamson began to think she had taken
up her quarters in his private room for the day.
It was growing late. Clients were waiting for
him. He was each take the control of the day. He made one last effort.

him. He made one last effort.

"I am expecting to hear from Lord Austruther in the course of the day. If you will leave me your address I will send you word at which noted the Earl is staying."

It was not much comfert, but it was all she could gain. Miss Mortimer returned dejectedly to the Langham, and Mr. Adamson promptly sent off a telegraphic despatch to the gay French capital. The answer was very prompt. "Give it her by all means." Upon receiving which the solicitor carefully wrote down the name of a very fashianable Erench hotel, and forwarded it to Miss Mortimer without delay.

CHAPTER V.

LADY BARBARA and her husband had a very swift and pleasant passage to the other side of the Channel, and a few hours later found them-selves located in a charming suits of apur-ments at an hotel in the English quarter of Pads.

Barbara was happier than she had ever been before; Hagh seemed to have no desire but to make her so. He was as devoted as ever, and in all his attentions now there was a fond sir of possession. He seemed so full of joy that his darling was really his that he had no room for any

other thought.

"Mine at last!" he whispered to her one evening, when they had been in Paris three days, and were costly settled in their own particular

"I don't think you need say 'at last," "
answered Barbara, "You didn't have so very answered Barbara. "long to wait for me."

But I was always afraid you would escape me. I was always afraid someone would whisper a little secret to you, and that your pride would be up in arms, and that you would send me to the rightshout?"

to in arms, and that you would send me to the rightabout."

Barbare's pretty lips pouted just a little.

"I do thick you might trust me."

Hugh was stroking her fair hair caressingly.

"You were such a wilful fairy." he said, fondly: "and you used to say such wofully unkind things to me. They used to make me quite hopeless."

"I never said unkind things to you. Hugh!"

"I never said unkind things to you, Hugh!"
Hugh looked at her with a strange gravity.
She was his wife. They loved each other dearly, but there was a secret between them. He could not keep up the concealment much longer. Any moment the truth might reach Barbara.
Better, far better, that she should learn it first from him, and yet he hesitated.
"What is the matter!" asked the girl-wife, gently. "I wish you would not look at me like that, Hugh! It makes me think you are

"I wonder if you will be sorry when you hear all, darling I I have deceived you dreadfully, and I have only one excuse to offer—I loved

He was about to explain everything, when the door opened abruptly, and an English waiter

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but there is a lady downstairs who wishes particularly to see you."
"A lady ?"

"She must be mistaking you for someone

else."
"Yes my lord," repeated the waiter, who had attended on Hugh many times before, and perhaps knew even a little more respecting his identity than the young bride herself, in spite of

the plain "Mr. and Mrs. Norman" which appeared in the visitors' book. "We told her, of course, that your lordship's name was not on We told her, our list, but she persisted you were here, and said she had come from England on purpose to see you. She is a very venerable lady, my lord, attended by her man-servant."

Barbara gasped.
"It must be sunt Julia !"

"It must be sunt Julia !" said Hugh, with inimitable calm. "Barbara," as the man departed, "don't be frightened my darling. Don't you think I can protect you from a hundred

"Yes," whispered my lady, "You won't let ber take me sway, Hugh, will you!" "Certainly not, unless you wish to go."

"I shan's do that. Hugh, why did that man call you 'my lord?"

But Hugh was saved an explanation, for at that moment the door opened to admit Miss Mortimer. As the walter closed it and retreated she advanced into the room with a measured step, and began a ceremonious speech.

I come to you, Lord Anstruther, as my friend

and benefactor, as my wilful Barbara's next-of-kin, to implore your aid in recovering that rebel-Hous and perverse

She stopped abruptly—she had caught sight of Hugh Norman, with his arm round her niece's walst, and Lady Barbara looking not at all displeased with him.

How dare you!" cried aunt Julia, "what fraud have you perpetrated? These are Lord Anstruther's rooms, the hotel people said ao, Surely, young man, you have not robbed your friend and benefactor by wilfully representing

There is a fraud," said Hugh, simply, "but the one that you suspect. I was about to not the one that you suspect. explain its pature to my wife when you inter-

rupted us," wife!" "Your wife:" Oh, how Miss Mortimer miffed with indignation at the word. "I feared as much. Well, you were going to confess to that poor misguided girl how you have deceived her. I'll stay and hear your confession before I seek out the Earl. I darsay Barbara will see the error of her ways when she hears your excuse, and be glad to return to home and hap-dress with me.

But Barbara clung more closely to her husband, as though to imply that her home and happiness was with him.

"Nothing that Hugh tells me will make any difference," she said, in her sweet, musical voice. "We love each other, nothing he says can change that love. I am his wife, and my place is at his side."

"Heaven bless you, my darling i" answered Hugh. "I can speak fearlessly now, since nothing

will charge your love. " Nothing, Hugh."

Miss Mortimer thought she had been silent long enough.

"What does it all mean!" she asked sus-pictously. "Why does Lord Austruther's lawyer send me here to find you? Ha Have you murdered

"I never murdered anyone in my life," replied Hugh, "and I never usurped a name that was not my dwn. I am Hugh Denzil Algernon Norman Fortescue i Until a few months ago, having inherited a large fortune from my maternal grandfather, I was generally known by his name. When I became Earl of Anstruther it was neces-

a Fortesone."

Both his listeners started.
"You Lord Assiruther!" said Miss Mortimer, incredulously. "You that good, benevolent man!" His wife looked up at him with reproachful

sary to remember that on the father's aide I was

"Hugh, hew could you ?"
"You will forgive me," he sald, fondly, "since I erred from love to you. When I came to Anstruther to break the news of your father's death I could hardly announce myself to the title which was his. That one interview taught me that for me there was but one wife for me in the whole world. When you expressed such aversion and hatred for your 'rext-of-kin,' how

could I own that I was he! It seemed so easy to live near you under the name I was most used to. I thought that if you never learned my relationship in time you might grow to love me Miss Julia stared at him.

"And I called you mercenary !"
"Well, I dareay I seemed so," said the young
Earl, frankly. "I knew Barbara would never
look at me in my own character, so I was obliged
to resort to a subterfuge. I had a terrible fright
though when I first mat the Clintons, but

though when I first met the Clintons, but I soon discovered that though they recognised me at once as the wealthy 'Mr. Norman' they had known abroad, they had never heard of my connection with the Fortescue."

Miss Julia gave a sort of grunt,

"Think of all the trouble you've given me," she said, reproachfully; "I who have never left the Park for eighteen years! I have to go rampaging up to London; I less my rest at uncomfortable hotels; I have to descrate the Sabbath by travelling; in my old age I find my Sabbath by travelling; in my old age I find my-self alone in a foreign land; And why; Just because you two were such foolish young people as to run away with each other when you might have been married at home comfortably in your own parish church."

"I'm very sorry," said Anstruther, penitently.
"Aunt Julia, don't you think you could forgive

us if we promise never to do it again ?"
Miss Julia intimated prously she would try, and then she declared herself tired out, and re-

tired to a bedroom which had been got ready.

Left alone, Lord Apstruther looked straight into his wife's eyes.

"I am waiting for your pardon, Barbara."
I think you treated me shamefully! " Well, confess I had a bad time of it. You aye abusing me to my face." coaxingly, Hugh,

Barbara," fondly, "for your sake I am very I we are! I shouldn't mind poverty for my

glad we are ! self, but I should decidedly object to it for you There were tears in her blue eyes.
"What troubles you, child? Do you find the deception so very hard to forgive?"

No; only-" Only-

"Just think of all the horrid things I have said of you i I wonder you cared to marry me!"
"We'll cry quits," said the Earl, cheerfully. "I deceived you, and you abused me; we'll consider we've both forgiven each other. And now I think I'll write to Bertram Lisle, and tell him I can't be his groomsman because I happen to

have got a wife of my own."

Miss Mortimer went home to the Park the next day, attended by faithful Giles. She highly approved of her niece's choice, and fully determined to honour the new Lady Anstruther by making the Park her home for the rest of her life, unless Mr. Josiah Snooks should invite her to emigrate to his parsonage (he has not done so

Early in December there was a very grand many in December there was a very grand wedding at St. George's, Hanover-square, which transformed Gladys Clinton into Lady Male; and among all the noble throng of invited guests no couple attracted more attention than the young Earl and Countees of Anstruther, who had returned home from their own honeymoon on purposs to be present.

Nearly everyone knew the story of Lady Anstruther's marriage, and they deemed Barbara's blue eyes and golden hair ample excuse for the romantic deception he had practised; and not a few of them declared to each other afterwards in few of them accessed to each other accessaries in discussing the affair that Mr. Adamson (who, of course, knew the identity of "Hugh Norman" with his noble client) showed very great presence of mind when Miss Mortimer invaded his private sanctum with her tidings of an elopement in high

And these kindly critics added, with a smile, as they noticed the radiant happiness on the face of the young Countess, and the deep gladness on her husband's brow, that in their opinion no her husband's brow, that in their opinion no match could have been more suitable than the one between Lady Barbara and her hated next-

THE END T

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THERE has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man; and there is a good deal of truth in the eaying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and surliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with her riches, and heaven and earth

FACETIAL.

The Sen: "I know how to manage my wife."
The Father: "You do? Then why don't you
manage her?" The Son: "She won't let me."

HUNKER: "Staggers has a pretty easy time of it." Spatts: "In what way?" Hunker: "His wife drives him to drink, and a cabman drives him home."

"PAPA," said Benny Geoghegan, "what does the word sophistry mean ?" "Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Geoghegan, "is the other fellow's argument."

Dorron: "You are suffering from a complication of diseases, my dear sir—at least six." Humorous Invalid: "How much discount do you give me on haif a dozen, doctor?"

"Isn'n he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yee, mamma, in one sense of the word; I don't think he can get away," replied the dutiful daughter.

Suz: "I should think you would get yourself in trouble by being engaged to two girls at the same time." He: "I did. One of them thinks her ring isn't so handsome as the other's."

Whow: "Do you know, Mr. Caller, that you remind me very much of my late husband?" Mr. Caller (looking at watch): "Why, it is late, int't!" Excuse me. I really had no idea of the time."

"Au!" exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips; "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner!" "Your excellency," replied his companion, "I should say it was a prime minister."

"But," said Roscius, "you haven't got a word of praise for any one. I should like to know whom you would consider a finished writer?"

"A dead one, my boy—a dead one," answered Criticus.

"WELL, father," exclaimed the predigal son, as he made his appearance at the family fireside, "are you ready to kill the fatted calf?" "No," epiled the old man, grimly, "I think I'll let you live."

Passon (returning from church to small boy with a rod): "Do you know where little boys go who fish on the Sabbath?" Small Boy (with pride and animation): "You bet I do, but I sin't a-goin' to give the tip away."

Lady: "Ahem! There seems to be some mistake I advertised for a French maid." Applicant: "No misstake, mum. It's a Frinch maid O've been fer folve months, as the six childher Oi attinded can tell yes."

"How many commandments are there, Johnny!" asked Aunt Dorothy! "Ten," replied Johnny, glibly. "And now, suppose you were to break one of them!" "Then there'd be nine."

"YES," said she, with tears in her eyes, "In his qualities of head and heart, dear George is always the same." Then, after a moment's lapse into dreamland, she added, "He is so softhearted, dear fellow!"

A GENTLEMAN having a deaf servant, was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling; "that poor creature could never hear of another situation."

"Why do you never pay your debts?" asked X. of one of his acquaintances. "My dear boy, I do all I can for my creditors. Whenever there is a new lottery authorised I always buy a few tickets. You never know what may happen."

The bypnotist smiled confidently. "Yes," said he, "by making a few passes I can cause a man to go to any part of the city I choose." "H'm !" said the railway director. "I can do the same thing, and send a man from here to Liverpool."

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the shopwalker. "Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I recken they're waitin' to see if I wen't go away without man'n for the fiveponce farthing that's owing to

EDMUND BURKS, the Irish orator, was telling Garrick, one day, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," said Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

MAGAZINE EDITOR: "This is a grand article; noble, glorious! By some renowned writer, ien't it?" Assistant: "No, sir; by one Tom Rayseed, of Hayseedville. Shall I send it back?" Editor: "No, it's too good to lose. Put it away until he becomes famous."

DUCANE: "Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your brother man?" Wagstaff: "Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother man divide with you."

A GREAT talker had ensconced himself in the sanctum of a famous editor, who went on with his work. After a while the visitor remarked: "You are busy, sir; perhaps I disturb you?" Not in the least. Pray go on. I am not listening."

Sam the gushing lady visitor to the cynical artist, "Why do you never paint a storm at sea?" "My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colours the waves subside, and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond."

"When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep," says one who knows; "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies tremblingly awake for two or three hours, straining his ear at every sound."

A CERTAIN mother was the proud possessor of twins, who were as much slike as two peas. One night she heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighbourhood of the twins' bed, "What are you laughing at there!" she said. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths and Alice none."

It was at the end of an argument regarding bloomers, "You must admit that bloomers make a very appropriate and serviceable garment under some circumstances," she said. "I admit nothing of the khad," he replied. "But when it is wet—" "Oh, well," he interrupted, "if you are talking of bathing suits, of course there may be something to be said in their favour."

Jame had been a very naughty little girl during the day. At night, after she had said her prayers, her mother said: "I hope, Janie, you remembered how naughty you have been to-day, and saked to be forgiven." "Well, I didn't," replied Janie. "You really seemed to think I had been so very bad that I thought you wouldn't like it mentioned out of the family."

Any apothecary can tell what you all who are sitting there are made of; you and I, and all of us, are made of carbon, nitrogen, lime and phorphorus, and seventy per cent. or rather more of water; but then, that doesn't tell us what we are, what a child is, or what a boy is—much less what a man is—least of all what a supremely inexplicable thing woman is.

"Ms. SMITH, do you know the character of Mr. Jones?" "I rather think I do, your lord-ship." "Well, what do you say about it!" "Why, he ain't so bad a man after all." "What we want to know, Mr. Smith, is—Is Mr. Jones of a quarrelsome and dangerous disposition?" "Well, your lordship, I should say that Tom Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise, but, when it comes to personal adjustment, he sin't eager for the contest."

A YOUNG man who had just been admitted to the Bar, being alone with his landlady's daughter said to her in tender tones: "Mary, do you think you could leave your mother, and this pleasant home, with all its comforts, and emigrate with a young lawyer who had only his profession to depend on, and search out a new home where both could be happy?" Dropping her head on his shoulder, the maiden softly whispared: "I think I could, George." "Well," said the heartless creature, "Joe Barnes, a friend of mine, is going to emigrate and wants a wife. "If mention it to him,"

As the young man entered the reading-room of the club there was a sudden exodus in the direction of the billiard-room. "Younghusband seems to have become enddealy unpopular," said one of the men in the far corner, as he noticed it. "Well, the fellows do rather avoid him," returned the other. "For what reason?" "Why, his first baby has just reached the age when it says clever things."

Ar a dinner-party, the other night, a handsome young physician had been particularly
bright and entertaining. As the ladies left the
table, olgars wate passed and accepted by all of
the gentlemen but the doctor. The host looked
at him in astonishment. "What, not smoke?"
said he; "why, my dear fellow, you lose half
your dinner." "Yes, I know I do," replied the
doctor; "but if I should smoke, I would lose
the whole of it."

"VERY Interesting conversation in here?" asked paps, suddenly thrusting his head through the conservatory window, where Ethel, Mr. Tompkins, and little Eva. sat very quietly. "Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tompkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?" "Yeth, you wath," replied Eva, mischievously, and with a slight lisp. "Mr. Tompkins said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'Yes, you kin."

A FRIEND of ours had a bad toothache the other day, and went to one of those places where they give you laughing gas, determined to have it out. However, the dentist made a mistake, and when the patient recovered consciousness he was minus a sound grinder, while the acher still remained in its place. The victim was naturally wroth. "What kind of a dental operation do you call this?" he apluttered, indignantly. "Accidental," calmly responded the man of the forcens.

BRITISH TOURIST: "What is the penalty for murder in this State, Colonel?" Colorel Gore (of Kentucky): "Well, sir, that depende entirely upon the circumstances in the case, sir. If a white man kills a white man we give him a fair trial. If a nigger kills a white man we lynch the scoundrel. If a nigger kills a nigger the law does not concern itself with the affair. If a white man kills a nigger, sir, we turn him loose, sir, in the hopes that he will kill another one, sir, in the hopes

A FRETTY girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, but he would never come to the point. One night, after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings, she looked at him in a very significant way. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a startled look. "Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied, evasively. "Yes." "Do you think you are a good one?" "I flatter myself that I am." "Well, I don't think so." "Why not?" "Because you cannot draw an inference." He did, though; and now they draw conclusions.

"Now look here, William, you are not going out of this theatre until the play is over!"
"But I am not going out of the theatre,"
"Oh! no; you are only going into the passage to get cool. I have heard that story before. You just stay hero in your seat. Why is it that you never wanted to go out between the acts before we were married, and now you want to dart out every time the curtain falls?" "I don't know, my dear, unless it was because I had nothing to go out for." "Nothing to go out for! Well, sir, what have you to go out for now?" "I want

to rest my ears!"

Two old soldiers whose throats were parched owing to over-indulgence at the canteen the previous night, being penniless and unable to raise the price of a pint, consulted each other as to the best means of obtaining a wet. "I've got it," says one. "Let's tell old Softhead that we lent him a bob the other night when he was drunk; he's bound to pay up." They made great baste and found Softy. Said one: "Softy, you might let us have that bob we lent you the other night." "Bob you lent ne," says Softy. "When?" "Why, the other night, when you was drunk." "Oh, yes, I remember, but I paid you back." "Paid us back. When?" "Why," says Softy, "last night, when you were drunk."

Pi

Ni

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SOCIETY.

Princess Beatrice is spending a week or two at Osborne this month before going to Balmoral with the Queen. One of the Royal "cottages" in the Osborne grounds has been prepared for the reception of the Princess and her children.

THE Queen will leave Windsor for Scotland on the evening of Thursday, the 21st inst, and she is to reside at Balmoral until Monday, June 22nd, when she will return to Windsor for a stay of between three and four weeks.

PREFARATIONS are being made at Aldershot for a visit from the Queen in July, when Her Majesty is likely to stay at the Royal Pavilion for a day or two. The Emperor of Asstria has been invited over by the Queen. If his Majesty comes the 1st Dragoon Guards will be brought to Aldershot for a month.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud are to arrive at Plas Machynlieth, Montgomeryshire, on a visit to Dowager Lady Londonderry, on Thursday, June 25th, and the next day they will go to Aberystwith, when his Royal Highness is to be installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales. The Prince and Princess will pay a flying visit to Cardiff on Saturday, the 27th, when on their way to London.

Tax Comtesse de Montebello, wife of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has asked M. Gervex, the well-known French actiet, to illustrate every ment to be used at the dinners and suppors given during the Coronation festivities at this house of the Ambassador in Moscow with a tiny water-colour sketch. It is expected that the entertainments at the French Embassy will be amongst the most brilliant of all the oremain festivities.

The Empress Frederick is said to contemplate paying a long visit to this country very soon, and it is understood that her Majesty may possibly reat Diston Park, Datchet, for a year or more of Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu, into whose hands it passed after the death of the late Duke of Eucoleuch. There is a fine old house and some hundreds of acres of ground within a beau minutes drive of Windsor Castle. The present master was built by Elizabeth, Duchess of Eucoleuch, in 1813.

The Queen's present to Princess Alexandra was a large silver bowl, beautifully ornamented and chased; the Empress Frederich gave a watch of gold, enamel, and bronze; the Prince and Princess of Wales a diamond arrow; the family of the Prince and Princess of Wales a diamond-and-emerald brooch; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse a gold and emerald bracelet; Princess Beatrice an Empire table; the Emperor and Empress a large clock and two candelabra of silver; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught four silver fruit dishes; and there were numerous other gifts of plate and furniture; while the citizens of Coburg gave two splendid sets of hurness.

The following Royal personages from abroad are to be invited to the wedding of Princess Mand of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark. The King and Queen of Denmark, Crown Prince and Crown Princes, and Prince Charles of Denmark, Empress Prederick, King of Sweden and Norway, King and Queen of the Hellener, Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklerburg Streiltz, Grand Duke and Orand Duchess of Hesso, Duke and Duchess of Cotong, Frince and Princess Heary of Prussia, Grand Duchess Kinsbeth Processor, Grand Duchess Kinsbeth Processor, Into Albert of Belgium, Duke and Duchess of unbedand, Prince and Princess Philip of the John Charles of Hesso, Grand Duchess Kinsbeth Princes Arthurt of Anhalt-Dessay, Hereditary Prince and Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princes and Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princes and Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princess Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princess Princess Princess of Helmand, Hereditary Princess Pr

STATISTICS.

THE heat of the sun penetrates this country to a depth of sixty feet.

It takes £35 to keep an English railway engine in order for twelve months.

THE feminine element is terribly in excess in Germany, the woman exceeding the men by more than 1,000,000, according to the latest statistics.

It costs more to send a ton of goods from London to the West of Ireland than to Japan. A ton of woollen goods can be forwarded from London to New York for 20.; to Chicago, a thousand miles inland, for 35x; and to Japan for 50s. The same goods cent from Derry to London cost 704, and from Gweedore, 50 miles inland, 120s.

GEMS.

MEN are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavouring to deceive others.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

In thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the case of thy mind.

THERE are three kinds of praise: That which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield praise to the powerful from fear; we lend it to the weak from interest; and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

Hand and stubborn facts soon convince the idealist that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances; that our daily wisdom is in making use of the opportunities within our grasp; that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Bum Sauce...-Break five eggs, putting the yolks In one bowl and the whites in another; best the yolks to a cream and the whites to a stiff froth, and gently mix two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar with each; then blend them very quickly and lightly, adding quarter of a salt-spoonful of grated numes and a gill of good Jamaica ruc. Use the sauce as soon as it is made, for it deteriorates by standing.

Stewan Musercooks.—Choose mushrooms of even size, so that all may cook equalty; trim off all inferior portions and wash in plenty of cold water; if the tops can be stripped of skin, peel them. Put the mushrooms into an earthen or very thick metal saucepan; to each quart add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a sattepoonful or more of salt, and half a sattspoonful of peoper; stew the mushrooms for lifteen minutes and serve on toast.

Orates Sour —Take twenty-five small systems, one quart of milk, half a cup of butter, one table-posntial of chopped paraley, three potatoes, two large tablespoonfuls flour; seeson with salt and paper. Chop the system fine and drain. Chop the potatoes fine and put to boil with the milk in a double boiler. But the butter and flour together until meanny, and add to the potato and milk when they have boiled fifteen unintes. But eight minutes longer. Add the system and coulous minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blue-exed cats are always deaf. The physiologists have in vain attempted to explain this curious circumstance.

PLATINUM can now be drawn into wire strands so fine that 27 twisted together can be inserted into the hollow of a hair.

The largest spider known to entomologists makes its home in the most hilly section of Ceylon. It spins a huge net of yellow slik sometimes ten feet wide.

Among the Kondeh people who live on Lake Nyasea, in Africa, the favourite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocedile.

A "CHAMPLEON FLOWER" has been introduced into Europe from the Isshmus of Tehusatepec. The blostoms of this newly-discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening.

The cries of sea birds, especially seaguils, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster together on the cliffs and coast, and their cries wern beatmen that they are near the land. Some years ago in the Isle of Man there was a fine for shooting them.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in eignalling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen variously coloured flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

Narrune, the cutermost member of the solar system yet known, is thirty times farther from the sun than the earth is, or 2,780,000,000 miles; and the tremendous line of his orbit, which accloses our comparatively small group of heaverly bodies, is so long that, although his rate of travel is three miles in a second, it takes him 165 years to complete a circuit.

A currous lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, and contains salt water under the surface, in which eponges, codish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh, and supports daphnias and other fresh-water creatures.

No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, fingers, or claws to each foot, hand, or limb. The horse is the type of ope-toed creation, the camel of the two-toed, the rhinoceros of the three-toed, and the hippo potamus of the four-toed animal life. The etophant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders are of the great five-toed

It is well known to jewellers that aluminium will mark a glass or "pasts" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied in the production of a mechanical tester, which consists of a small disc of aluminium, rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted and held against the edge of the disc by means of a apring classp.

The sleeple, or "stump," as it is locally called, of the parish church of St. Botolph, at Boston, on the south-east coast of Lincolashire, near the Wash, has long been utilised as a lighthouse. The tower is 290 feet in height, and resembles that of Autworp Cathedral, and it is crowned by a beautiful octagonal landern. This tower, being visible forty miles away, serves as a lightnesse to guide mariners when entering what are called the Boston and Lynn Deeps.

A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudar, is also called the "whiatling cree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvo of insects, distorted to shape, and ewollen into a gloudar blodder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned fulle.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Perald.—Perth is the capital,

Alf.—Write to the War Office,

2. Y.—Write to the two secretaries,

Peraled.—We can find no record of it.

3. K.—You sout apply to each college.

Createst.—There is nothing to prevent it.

R. F.—Inquire at Inland Revenue office.

Harr.—Ask the clorgyman of your parish.

Plain white or cream is in good taste.

LITTLE IGNORANCE.—You write a very fair letter. FRITE.—You had better employ a certified broker.

NILL OWNERS.—Employ a solicitor to write to the people.

Solicitress.—It can be obtained of all music pub-

Exect.—Sponge with milk and polish dry with palm

Anxiors - Under ordinary circumstances within three months.

CONSTANT READER.—It rests with yourself; they are not responsible.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW .- January 5th, 1845, fell on Sunday

H. H. Not on any particular work, but from general knowledge.

Marcia.—There are several private ones; we do not gree addresses.

Uncertain One —A letter of introduction should never be scaled.

never be scaled.

Unreciped.—Read the works of both and form your

LEGALITY.—He is only entitled to share equally with the other children.

INTERESTED ONE .- Her death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

HELPLESS - We can give no advice in the direction you indicate.

Prince Har.—Acolyte is prenounced as though pulled also-lite; the accent on the first syllable.

E. C.—We strongly advise you to get the agreement drawn up by a legal agent.

Hickars - Immersion fir salt water is said to make wood harder and more durable.

Loda.—10 is a small ancient village on the north bask of the Tweed, a few miles below Relse. STRVS.—The steam engine was a slewly elaborated thing, like all great invanious; Watt perfected it.

thing, like all great invanilous; Watt perfected it.

J. S. - You cannot do the work yourself, and had
better take your landle to an electro plator.

better take your handle to an electro plater.
Thorntasson Off.—Green contrasts with colours containing red, and harmonises with colours containing red.

Fisir Woman.—A wrapper is not to be worn gave in one's own apartment or in the strict privacy of home

and a own apartment or in the etrict privacy of home life.

Assions to Know.—We never give recommendations of he sert, What will said one person may not suit

assa.—Sife a little flour over must when it is being thepod, and it will prevent the places from adhering together.

together.

Chickestus aron. —The sooner you go to a solleiter nod in trust bim to make your will, the better will it be for all concerned.

S. N.—Lersons are excellent for feverish thirst in sickness, for bisionances, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, &c.

coughs, colds, liver complaint, &c.

Highert-Dungers.—The Euphrates is termed in the
East "The Royal River," from the fact that six hundred and seventy two kings have reigned on its banks.

Thrus.—It is much better to wear a simple, stylish, lacker costume, wither them attempt to adapt anything in desgown style to such purposes.

in ide-gown style to such purposes.

H. J.—Wear glowes he rough as possible, sleeping with them for a time, and previously rubbing the hands well with raw beef suct; wash with a mild

Province corp.

Thermost Gran. Old potatoes are greatly tempored by being weaked in cold water oversight, or at least several hours after peeling. The water should be changed once a twice.

Thousand over a better stretcher for a tight above the many coholer's last is to walk through a pool of water, or, if possible, worgans, and then keep on walking the books are dry.

Planets One.—No sensible person believes in such practitions ideas nowadays. We take it that the gifts that peace between the young women were simply make out of compliment to each other.

the Morres.—A man joining the pavy and the Market after be discharged after let genishment for the offence; that is the

NEXT TUESDAY WEEK

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ENTITLED

The Heiress of Myndelist,

DY THE APPROR OF

"THE GREYSTOKE MYSTERY," "MISS GILMOUR'S SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CURIOUS.—So far as we know, it is a state similar to that of syncope, wherein the patient continues without any sensible motion or respiration, accompanied with a suspension of the action of the brain, and a temperary loss of sensation or volition.

8. V.—Fine veneer sawdust rubbed in with the hand will absorb the grease, soften and elecase the far; three way what you first use, employ fresh and fresh till all the grease is gone; then best sharply with a cane to get out the dust.

Assume.—No one is expected to adopt all the attires which are paraded before the public. From the variety exhibited, each has a right to solect what most pleases bor, and to modify the patterns or styles which prevail. Ultim fashions should be avoided, if not in harmony with good taste, no matter where they may originate.

C. F.—Hissing is not invariably an expression of disfavour. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hobrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutes appliable a popular orator in their ascemblies by hissing at him. The Japenese show their revorunce by a hiss.

MARY ANN.

Though the hair is very red On her head, And her frechles are a ban To her beauty, not a man Or a woman, but admires Mary Ann.

There came upon her care
Unaware;
A drunkard's child was alse,
In a home of misery.
"Now a helper," said the child,
"I must be,"

Then she put her foot down hard In the yard, And she said, in accents alean, "I will never go for beer; Or drink a drop myself, Father dear!"

Yet so gentle and so mild Was the child. That she won that father a heart, Till in life he took a start, and resolved to not a far Better part.

Now look across the way, Any day, And you'll see a sober man, Talaing o'er some household plan With the carnest little lass, Mary Ann.

M. E.

H. B. G.—Very long courtships are not as a rule to be recommended, but as courtship formishes both parties with an opportunity of become a sequanties with each other's characteristics and dispositions before the final word is applien which bind them together for Hig. an augustment which exists for a number of months is always a circle.

CLARRY.—Until a young lady has grown to an age when she is received into society, size should not have a visiting card. It is customary in cities it young girls are taken out, and any necessity arises, to write their hames on the visiting cards of their mothers or older eithers. A schoolgirl is not supposed to be a member of society.

or conseq.

R. S.—The small letter "1" was derancely welden without the dot. The dot was letterdeced in the four-teenth century to distinguish "1" from "e" in lastly and turbilated welting. The letter "1" was crisinally used wisers "1" is now employed. The distinction between "1" and "1" was introduced by the Datch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "1" was distill because the "1" Zrom which it was degrined, one written with 6 det.

USHAFFY WIFE.—Our advice to you is to be usuaindful of the sneers to which you are subjected to regard to the management of your house. If you please your young husband you should find in its commendation enough to compensate for the ill-natured comments of these who should attend to their own business, and let yours alone.

Karnz.—Mix well eight egg yolks with eight ounces of augar; dilute with six custerd cups of builting milk and a large cupful of black coffee; pass through a free strater, fill the cups and put them in a low pan with boiling water to bail their height; take off the froth bat may rise to the surface, cover the pan and let stramer gently for twenty minutes. When the custand is well set, let cool in the water, duain, wipe the cups and zerve cold.

one serve cold.

Chav.—Make a lather with white scap and tepid waker; have two basins of this; then dissolve one teaspoonial of guna arabia and put it in one pint of water (cold) for rinsing; if your allk is large you must have more guna arabic; put in a little vinegar into this water; when all is ready squetes your silk through both your lathers till it is clean; then rinse in clean cold water, and equeene out very tightly, do not wring; then rinse in the water with the gun arabic and vinegar; after zo in a towel and iron on the right side at once; put a mushin on the top till a little dry.

at once; put a mustin on the top till a little dry.

ANKIOUS SUPPKRER.— Sea-sickness dofies hill the medical skill in the world; the man who can invent a cure has a fortune in store for him. A great deal depends on temperament and habt of body; some persons are never sea sick, others only under critain conditions. One thing is very certain, via. that a resolution to master the dire malady has a great deal to do with its cure. It is so difficult to make the effort to get up after a long apail of the horrible manes, that many people yield themselves a prev to it, and sever manage to shake it off. A strong will be get about, and the treah sea air when you do, ar the only cures.

Many — Chipm corporations only manage to go the conditions.

The fresh sea air when you do, at the only cures.

Mann.—Ching crape articles can be washed in ordinary soap and water, and will look very well if they are carefully dried. The water should not be too hot, and the best yellow soap abould he used. Wash them quickly, and dip them into cold hard water as soon as they come out of the soap. The cold water should have some salt int if the crape articles are coloured. Rhunchen well and squeeze, not wring, them; then hang them in the open air, planing them quite straight to the line, so that they may hang square. They should be very quickly dried.

R. V.—All, the paymet tribs are fed much allies.

Be very quickly dried.

R. V.—All the pairot tribe are fed much allice.

Sopped braid sweetened with a little anger, some mixed birdseed and fruit, of whatever kind is in scaeen, should be given to it. Perhaps it is mouthing, which will account for its feathers, confing off. A sure way of keeping all birds in health is to give them plenty of coarse, clean sand that they may run about in and pick at whenever they like. The wires in the bottom of a parrot's cage are crust and worse than unnecessary. Birds require to stand flat footed in their send to keep their feet deam and healthy. A both very often fo another necessity that is often forgotten.

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ALL DESTREE TO BE AND ESSED TO THE RESTOR OF THE RESTOR OF

(i) We cannot undertake to letters reflected manus-scripts.

TO OUR EXABITION WE will be present to be for ward a specifican course the leavest first on a color which will see a black value with different course and place on a present of the colors who will see a black value who place on a present of the colors who will see a black value who place are a present of the colors who will see a black value who place are a present of the colors who will see a black value who place are a present of the colors who will see a black value and the colors who will see a black value and the colors who will see a color who will be colored to the colored to the

the plain "Mr. and Mrs. Norman" which appeared in the visitors' book. "We told her, of course, that your lordship's name was not on our list, but she persisted you were here, and said she had come from England on purpose to see you. She is a very venorable lady, my lord, attended by her man-servant." see you. She is a very venera attended by her man-servant."

Barbara gasped.
"It must be aunt Julia!"

"Ask the lady to walk up," said Hugh, with inimitable calm. "Barbara," as the man de-parted, "don't be frightened, my darling. Don't you think I can protect you from a hundred

"Yes," whispered my lady, "You won't let her take me away, Hugh, will you?" "Certainly not, unless you wish to go."

"I shan't do that. Hugh, why did that man call you 'my lord ?'"

But Hugh was saved an explanation, for at that moment the door opened to admit Miss Mortimer. As the waiter closed it and retreated she advanced into the room with a measured step, and began a ceremonious speech. "I come to you, Lord Anatruther, as my friend

and benefactor, as my wilful Barbara's next-of-kin, to implore your aid in recovering that rebel-

She stopped abruptly—she had caught sight of Hugh Norman, with his arm round her niece's waist, and Lady Barbara looking not at all displeased with him.

"How dare you!" cried aunt Julia, "what fraud have you perpetrated? These are Lord Austruther's rooms, the hotel people said so. Surely, young man, you have not robbed your friend and benefactor by wilfully representing

"There is a fraud," said Hugh, simply, "but not the one that you suspect. I was about to explain its nature to my wife when you inter-

rupted us." "Your "Your wife!" Oh, how Miss Mortimer sniffed with indignation at the word. "I feared as much. Well, yeu were going to confess to that poor misguided girl how you have deceived her. I'll stay and hear your confession before I seek out the Earl. I daresay Barbara will see the error of her ways when she hears your excuse, and be glad to return to home and happings with ree." piness with me.

But Barbara clung more closely to her hus-band, as though to imply that her home and

happiness was with him

Nothing that Hugh tells me will make any difference," she said, in her sweet, musical voice. "We love each other, nothing he says can change that love. I am his wife, and my place is at his side."

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" answered Hugh. "I can speak fearlessly now, since nothing

will change your love."
"Nothing, Hugh."

Miss Mortimer thought she had been ailent long enough.

"What does it all mean?" she asked sus-piciously. "Why does Lord Anstruther's lawyer send me here to find you? Have you murdered the Earl and usurped his title?"

I never murdered anyone in my life," replied Hugh, "and I never usurped a name that was not my own. I am Hugh Denzil Algerron Norman Fertescue! Until a few months ago, having inherited a large fortune from my maternal grandfather, I was generally known by his name. When I became Earl of Anstruther it was necessary to remember that on the father's side I was a Fortescue."

Both his listeners started.
"You Lord Anstruther!" said Miss Mortimer, incredulously. "You that good, benevolent man!"

His wife looked up at him with repreachful

"Hugh, how could you?"
"You will forgive me," he said, fondly, "since
I erred from love to you. When I came to
Anstruther to break the news of your father's death I could hardly announce myself to the title which was his. That one interview taught me that for me there was but one wife for me in the whole world. When you expressed such aversion and hatred for your 'next-of-kin,' how

could I own that I was he? It seemed so easy to live near you under the name I was most used to. I thought that if you never learned my re-lationship in time you might grow to love me."

And I called you mercenary !"

"Well, I daresay I seemed so," said the young Earl, frankly. "I knew Barbara would never look at me in my own character, so I was obligto resort to a subterfuge. I had a terrible fright though when I first met the Clintons, but I soon discovered that though they recognised me at once as the wealthy 'Mr. Norman' they had known abroad, they had never heard of my connection with the Fortescues."

Miss Julia gave a sort of grunt.

"Think of all the trouble you've given me," she said, reproachfully; "I who have never left the Park for eighteen years! I have to go rampaging up to London; I lose my rest at uncomfortable hotels; I have to desecrate the Sabbath has travelling; in my old age, I find my. comfortable notels; I have to desecrate the Sabbath by travelling; in my old age I find my self alone in a foreign land! And why! Just because you two were such foolish young people as to run away with each other when you might have been married at home comfortably in your own parish church."

own parish church."
"I'm very sorry," said Anstruther, penitently.
"Aunt Julia, don't you think you could forgive
us ff we promise never to do it again i"
Miss Julia intimated piously she would try,
and then she declared herself tired out, and re-

tired to a bedroom which had been got ready.

Left alone, Lord Austruther looked straight into his wife's eyes. "I am waiting for your pardon, Barbara."

"I think you treated me shamefully! "Well, confess I had a bad time of it. You were always abusing me to my face."
"Hugh," coaxingly, "I wish we weren't

"Barbara," fondly, "for your sake I am very glad we are! I shouldn't mind poverty for my-self, but I should decidedly object to it for you!"

There were tears in her blue eyes.
"What troubles you, child? Do you find the deception so very hard to forgive?"

No; only-" Only

"Just think of all the horrid things I have

"Just think of all the horrid things I have said of you I I wonder you cared to marry me!"
"We'll cry quite," said the Earl, cheerfully.
"I deceived you, and you abused me; we'll consider we've both forgiven each other. And now I think I'll write to Bertram Lisle, and tell him I can't be his groomsman because I happen to have got a wife of my own." have got a wife of my own."

Mus Mortimer went home to the Park the next day, attended by faithful Giles. She highly approved of her niece's choice, and fully determined to honour the new Lady Anstruther by making the Park her home for the rest of her life, unless Mr. Josiah Snooks should invite her to emigrate to his parsonage (he has not done so

Early in December there was a very grand wedding at St. George's, Hanover-square, which transformed Gladys Clinton into Lady Lisle; and among all the noble throng of invited guests no couple attracted more attention than the young Earl and Countess of Anstruther, who had returned home from their own honeymoon on

purpose to be present. Nearly everyone knew the story of Lady Anstruther's marriage, and they deemed Barbara's blue eyes and golden hair ample excuse for the romantic deception he had practised; and not a few of them declared to each other afterwards in discussing the affair that Mr. Adamson (who, of course, knew the identity of "Hugh Norman" with his noble client) showed very great presence of mind when Miss Mortimer invaded his private sanctum with her tidings of an elopement in high

And these kindly critics added, with a smile, as they noticed the radiant happiness on the face of the young Counters, and the deep gladness on her husband's brow, that in their opinion no match could have been more suitable than the one between Lady Barbara and her hated next-

THE END]

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THERE has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man; and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and surliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

FACETIÆ.

THE SON: "I know how to manage my wife."
The Father: "You do! Then why don't you manage her?" The Son: "She won't let me."

HUNGER: "Staggers has a pretty easy time of it." Spatts: "L what way?" Hunker: "His wife drives him to drink, and a cabman drives him home."

"PAPA," said Benny Geoghegan, "what does the word sophistry mean?" "Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Geoghegan, "is the other fellow's argument."

DOCTOR: "You are suffering from a complication of diseases, my dear sir—at least six." Humorous Invalid: "How much discount do you give me on half a dozen, doctor?"

"IN'T he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word; I don't think he can get away," replied the dutiful daughter.

SHE: "I should think you would get yourself in trouble by being engaged to two girls at the same time." He: "I did. One of them thinks her ring isn't so handsome as the other's."

Widow: "Do you know, Mr. Caller, that you remind me very much of my late husband?" Mr. Caller (looking at watch): "Why, it is late, ian't it? Excuse me, I really had no idea of the time."

"AH!" exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips; "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner!" "Your excellency," replied his companion, "I should say it was a prime minister."

"But," said Roscius, "you haven't got a word of praise for any one. I should like to know whom you would consider a finished writer?" "A dead one, my boy—a dead one," answered Criticus.

"Well, father," exclaimed the prodigal son, as he made his appearance at the family fireside, "are you ready to kill the fatted calf?" "No," replied the old man, grimly, "I think I'll let you live."

Parson (returning from church to small boy with a rod): "Do you know where little boys go who fish on the Sabbath ?" Small Boy (with pride and animation): "You bet I do, but I ain't a-goin' to give the tip away."

Lanv: "Ahem! There seems to be some mistake. I advertised for a French maid." Applicant: "No mishtake, mum. It's a Frinch maid Oi've been fer folve months, as the six childher Oi attinded can tell yez."

"How many commandments are there, Johnny?" asked Aunt Dorothy? "Ten," replied Johnny, glibly. "And now, suppose you were to break one of them?" "Then there'd be nine."

"YES," said she, with tears in her eyes, "in his qualities of head and hearb, dear George is always the same." Then, after a moment's lapse into dreamland, she added, "He is so softhearted, dear fellow!"

A GENTLEMAN having a deaf servant, was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling; "that poor creature could never hear of another situation."

"Why do you never pay your debts?" asked X. of one of his acquaintances. "My dear boy, I do all I can for my creditors. Whenever there is a new lottery authorised I always buy a few tickets. You never know what may happen."

The hypnotist smiled confidently. "Yes," said he, "by making a few passes I can cause a man to go to any part of the city I choose." "H'm!" said the railway director. "I can do the same thing, and send a man from here to Liverpool."

"Is anybody waiting on you, madam?" inquired the shopwalker. "Yes, sir," retorted the middle-aged matron, fiercely. "I reckon they're waitin' to see if I won't go away without stayin' for the fivepence farthing that's owing to ma."

EDMUND BURKE, the Irish orator, was telling Garrick, one day, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," said Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

MAGAZINE EDITOR: "This is a grand article; noble, glorious! By some renowned writer, isn't it?" Assistant: "No, sir; by one Tom Hayseed, of Hayseedville. Shall I send it back?" Editor: "No, it's too good to lose. Put it away until he becomes famous."

DUCANE: "Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your brother man?" Wagstaff: "Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother man divide with you."

A GREAT talker had ensconced himself in the sanctum of a famous editor, who went on with his work. After a while the visitor remarked: "You are busy, sir; perhaps I disturb you?" "Not in the least. Pray go on. I am not listening."

SAID the gushing lady visitor to the cynical artist, "Why do you never paint a storm at sea?" "My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colours the waves subside, and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond."

"When a woman gets frightened at night she iust pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep," says one who knows; "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies tremblingly awake for two or three hours, straining his ear at every sound."

A CERTAIN mother was the proud possessor of twins, who were as much alike as two peas. One night she heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighbourhood of the twins' bed. "What are you laughing at there?" she said. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths and Alice none."

Ir was at the end of an argument regarding bloomers. "You must admit that bloomers make a very appropriate and serviceable garment under some circumstances," she said. "I admit nothing of the kind," he replied. "But when it is wet—" "Oh, well," he interrupted, "if you are talking of bathing suits, of course there may be something to be said in their favour."

JANIE had been a very naughty little girl during the day. At night, after she had said her prayers, her mother said: "I hope, Janie, you remembered how naughty you have been to-day, and asked to be forgiven." "Well, I didn't," replied Janie. "You really seemed to think I had been so very bad that I thought you wouldn't like it mentioned out of the family."

Any apothecary can tell what you all who are sitting there are made of; you and I, and all of us, are made of carbon, nitrogen, lime and phosphorus, and seventy per cent, or rather more of water; but then, that doesn't tell us what we are, what a child is, or what a boy is—much less what a man is—least of all what a supremely inexplicable thing woman is.

"Mr. SMITH, do you know the character of Mr. Jones?" "I rather think I do, your lord-ship." "Well, what do you say about it?" "Why, he ain't so bad a man after all." "What we want to know, Mr. Smith, is—Is Mr. Jones of a quarrelsome and dangerous disposition?" "Well, your lordship, I should say that Tom Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise, but, when it comes to personal adjustment, he ain't eager for the contest."

A round man who had just been admitted to the Bar, being alone with his landlady's daughter said to her in tender tones: "Mary, do you think you could leave your mother, and this pleasant home, with all its comforts, and emigrate with a young lawyer who had only his profession to depend on, and search out a new home where both could be happy?" Dropping her head on his shoulder, the maiden softly whispered: "I think I could, George," "Well," said the heartless creature, "Joe Barnes, a friend of mine, is going to emigrate and wants a wife. I'll mention it to him."

As the young man entered the reading-room of the club there was a sudden exodus in the direction of the billiard-room. "Younghusband seems to have become suddenly unpopular," said one of the men in the far corner, as he noticed it. "Well, the fellows do rather avoid him," returned the other. "For what reason?" "Why, his first baby has just reached the age when it says clever things."

At a dinner-party, the other night, a handsome young physician had been particularly bright and entertaining. As the ladies left the table, cigars were passed and accepted by all of the gentlemen but the doctor. The host looked at him in astonishment. "What, not smoke?" said he; "why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner." "Yes, I know I do," replied the doctor; "but if I should smoke, I would lose the whole of it."

"VERY interesting conversation in here?" asked paps, suddenly thrusting his head through the conservatory window, where Ethel, Mr. Tompkins, and little Eva sat very quietly. "Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tompkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?" "Yeth, you wath," replied Eva, mischievously, and with a slight lisp. "Mr. Tompkins said, 'May I have a kith?" and Ethel said, 'Yes, you kin."

A FRIEND of ours had a bad toothache the other day, and went to one of those places where they give you laughing gas, determined to have it out. However, the dentist made a mistake, and when the patient recovered consciousness he was minus a sound grinder, while the acher still remained in its place. The victim was naturally wroth. "What kind of a dental operation do you call this?" he spluttered, indignantly. "Accidental," calmly responded the man of the forceps.

BRITISH TOURIST: "What is the penalty for murder in this State, Colonel?" Color el Gora (of Kentucky): "Well, sir, that depends entirely upon the circumstances in the case, sir. If a white man kills a white man we give him a fair trial. If a nigger kills a white man we lynch the scoundrel. If a nigger kills a nigger the law does not concern itself with the affair. If a white man kills a nigger, sir, we turn him loose, sir, in the hopes that he will kill another one, sir, "

A PRETTY girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, but he would never come to the point. One night, after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings, she looked at him in a very significant way. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a startled look. "Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied, evasively. "Yes." "Do you think you are a good one?" "I flatter myself that I am." "Well, I don't think so." "Why not?" "Because you cannot draw an inference." He did, though; and now they draw conclusions.

"Now look here, William, you are not going out of this theatre until the play is over!"
"But I am not going out of the theatre,"
"Oh! no; you are only going into the passage to get cool. I have heard that story before. You just stay here in your seat. Why is it that you never wanted to go out between the acts before we were married, and now you want to dart out every time the curtain falls?" "I don't know, my dear, unless it was because I had nothing to go out for." "Nothing to go out for! Well, sir, what have you to go out for now?" "I want

to rest my ears!"

Two old soldiers whose throats were parched owing to over-indulgence at the canteen the previous night, being penniless and unable to raise the price of a pint, consulted each other as to the best means of obtaining a wet. "I've got it," says one. "Let's tell old Softhead that we lent him a bob the other night when he was drunk; he's bound to pay up." They made great haste and found Softy. Said one: "Softy, you might let us have that bob we lent you the other night," "Bob you lent me," says Softy. "When?" "Why, the other night, when you was drunk." "Oh, yes, I remember, but I paid you back." "Paid us back. When?" "Why, 'eays Softy, "last night, when you were drunk."

SOCIETY.

PRINCESS BEATRICE is spending a week or two at Osborne this month before going to Balmoral with the Queen. One of the Royal "cottages" in the Osborne grounds has been prepared for the reception of the Princess and her children.

THE Queen will leave Windsor for Scotland on the evening of Thursday, the 21st inst, and she is to reside at Balmoral until Monday, June 22nd, when she will return to Windsor for a stay of between three and four weeks.

PREFARATIONS are being made at Aldershot for a visit from the Queen in July, when Her Majesty is likely to stay at the Royal Pavilion for a day or two. The Emperor of Austria has been invited over by the Queen. If his Majesty comes the 1st Dragoon Guards will be brought to Aldershot for a month.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud are to arrive at Plas Maehynlleth, Montgomeryshire, on a visit to Dowager Lady Londonderry, on Thursday, June 25th, and the next day they will go to Aberystwith, when his Royal Highness is to be installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales. The Prince and Princess will pay a flying visit to Cardiff on Saturday, the 27th, when on their way to London.

THE Comtesse de Montebello, wife of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has asked M. Gervex, the well-known French artist, to illustrate every menu to be used at the dinners and suppers given during the Coronation festivities at the house of the Ambassador in Moscow with a tiny water-colour sketch. It is expected that the entertainments at the French Embassy will be amongst the most brilliant of all the oronation festivities.

THE Empress Frederick is said to contemplate paying a long visit to this country very soon, and it is understood that her Majesty may possibly rent Ditton Park, Datchet, for a year or more of Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu, into whose hands it passed after the death of the late Duke of Buccleuch. There is a fine old house and some hundreds of acress of ground within a ten minutes drive of Windsor Castla. The present manaion was builb by Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch, in 1813.

The Queen's present to Princess Alexandra was a large cilver bowl, beautifully ornamented and chased; the Empress Frederick gave a watch of gold, enamel, and bronze; the Prince and Princess of Wales a diamond arrow; the family of the Princes and Princess of Wales a diamond and-emerald brooch; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse a gold and emerald bracelet; Princess Beatrice an Empire table; the Emperor and Empress a large clock and two candelabra of silver; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught four silver fruit dishes; and there were numerous other gifts of plate and furniture; while the citizens of Coburg gave two splendid sets of harness.

The following Royal personages from abroad are to be invited to the wedding of Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark.

The King and Queen of Denmark, Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and Prince Christian of Denmark, Empress Frederick, King of Sweden and Norway, King and Queen of the Hellenes, Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Grand Duke and Duchess of Coburg and the Hereditary Prince of Coburg, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, Prince Albert of Belgium, Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau, Hereditary Prince and Princess of Leiningen, Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

STATISTICS.

THE heat of the sun penetrates this country to a depth of sixty feet.

It takes £35 to keep an English railway engine in order for twelve months.

THE feminine element is terribly in excess in Germany, the women exceeding the men by more than 1,000,000, according to the latest statistics.

Ir costs more to send a ton of goods from London to the West of Ireland than to Japan. A ton of woollen goods can be forwarded from London to New York for 20s.; to Chicago, a thousand miles inland, for 35s.; and to Japan for 50s. The same goods sent from Derry to London cost 70s., and from Gweedore, 50 miles inland, 120s.

GEMS.

MEN are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavouring to deceive others.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

Is thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the case of thy mind.

THERE are three kinds of praise: That which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield praise to the powerful from fear; we lend it to the weak from interest; and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

Habb and stubborn facts soon convince the idealist that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances; that our daily wisdom is in making use of the opportunities within our grasp; that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

RUM SAUGE.—Break five eggs, putting the yolks in one bowl and the whites in another; beat the yolks to a cream and the whites to a stiff froth, and gently mix two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar with each; then blend them very quickly and lightly, adding quarter of a salt-spoonful of grated nutmeg and a gill of good Jamaica rum. Use the sauce as soon as it is made, for it deteriorates by standing.

SMALL FRUIT CAKES. — Cream one cup of butter with two of sugar, beat two eggs light and add with the juice and grated rind of four lemons half a pound of citron chopped fine and one pound of rations eseded and cut in halves. Sift two tesspoonfuls of baking powder into two and a half cups of flour and mix well together, and bake in gem irons. These cakes will keep for weeks—if looked up.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Choose mushrooms of even size, so that all may cook equally; trim off all inferior portions and wash in plenty of cold water; if the tops can be stripped of skin, peel them. Put the mushrooms into an earthen or very thick metal saucepan; to each quart add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a saltspoonful or more of salt, and half a saltspoonful of pepper; stew the mushrooms for fifteen minutes and serve on toast.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take twenty-five small cysters, one quart of milk, half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, three potatoes, two large tablespoonfuls flour; season with sait and pepper. Chop the cysters fine and drain. Chop the potatoes fine and put to boil with the milk in a double boiler. Rub the butter and flour together until creamy, and add to the potato and milk when they have boiled fifteen minutes. Boil eight minutes longer. Add the cysters and cook one minute.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLUE-EYED cats are always deaf. The physiologists have in vain attempted to explain this curious circumstance.

PLATINUM can now be drawn into wire strands so fine that 27 twisted together can be inserted into the hollow of a hair.

THE largest spider known to entomologists makes its home in the most hilly section of Ceylon. It spins a huge net of yellow silk sometimes ten feet wide.

AMONG the Kondeh people who live on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, the favourite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile.

A "CHAMELEON FLOWER" has been introduced into Europe from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The blossoms of this newly-discovered plant are white in the morning, changing to red at noon, and again to blue in the evening.

THE cries of sea birds, especially seagulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster together on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land. Some years ago in the Isle of Man there was a fine for shooting them.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signalling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen variously coloured flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

NEPTUNE, the outermost member of the solar system yet known, is thirty times farther from the sun than the earth is, or 2,780,000,000 miles; and the tremendous line of his orbit, which encloses our comparatively small group of heavenly bodies, is so long that, although his rate of travel is three miles in a second, it takes him 165 years to complete a circuit.

A CURIOUS lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, and contains salt water under the surface, in which sponges, codfish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh, and supports daphnias and other fresh-water creatures.

No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, ingers, or claws to each foot, hand, or limb. The horse is the type of one-toed creation, the camel of the two-toed, the rhinoceros of the three-toed, and the hippo potamus of the four-toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders are of the great five-toed tribe.

It is well known to jewellers that aluminium will mark a glass or "paste" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied in the production of a mechanical tester, which consists of a small disc of aluminium, rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted and held against the edge of the disc by means of a spring clamp.

THE steeple, or "stump," as it is locally called, of the parish church of St. Botolph, at Boston, on the south-east coast of Lincoloshire, near the Wash, has long been utilised as a lighthouse. The tower is 290 feet in height, and resembles that of Antwerp Cathedral, and it is crowned by a beautiful octagonal lantern. This tower, being visible forty miles away, serves as a lightrouse to guide mariners when entering what are called the Boston and Lynn Deeps.

A SPECIES of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan, is also called the "whistling tree" by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larve of insects, distorted in shape, and swoollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DONALD .- Perth is the capital. ALF .- Write to the War Office.

is

d

". Y .- Write to the two secretaries.

Puzzlen.-We can find no record of it.

J. K .- You must apply to each college.

Overist .- There is nothing to prevent it.

E. F .- Inquire at Inland Revenue office.

HARRY.-Ask the clergyman of your parish.

Eva .- Plain white or cream is in good taste.

LITTLE IGNORAMUS .- You write a very fair letter.

FRITZ.—You had better employ a certified broker. NELL GWYNNE.-Employ a solicitor to write to the

Songstress .- It can be obtained of all music pub-

lishers. ETHEL.—Sponge with milk and polish dry with palm of the hand.

-Under ordinary circumstances within three months.

CONSTANT READER.-It rests with yourself; they are not responsible.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW .- January 5th, 1845, fell on Sunday.

H. K .- Not on any particular work, but from general knowledge.

Marcia. - There are several private ones; we do not give addresse

Uncertain One -A letter of introduction should never be sealed.

Undacided .- Read the works of both and form your own opinion

LEGALITY. - He is only entitled to share equally with the other children.

INTERESTED ONE.—Her death sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

HELPLESS - We can give no advice in the direction u indicate.

PRINCE HAL.—Acolyte is pronounced as though spalled ak-o-life; the accort on the first syllable.

B. C.—We strongly advise you to get the agreement rawn up by a legal agent.

RICHARD.—Immersion in ealt water is said to make wood harder and more durable.

LUCAS.—It is a small ancient village on the north bank of the Tweed, a few miles below Kelso.

STRVE.—The steam engine was a slowly elaborated thing, like all great inventions; Watt perfected it.

J. S.-You cannot do the work yourself, and had better take your handle to an electro plater.

TROUBLESOME ONE.—Green contrasts with colours containing red, and harmonises with colours containing

Fossy Woman.—A wrapper is not to be worn save in one's own apartment or in the strict privacy of home life. Anxious to Know.—We never give recommendations of the sort. What will suit one person may not suit

Assa -Sift a little flour over suct when it is being happed, and it will prevent the pieces from adhering ogether.

PROCRASTINATOR.—The sooner you go to a solicitor and instruct him to make your will, the better will it be for all concerned.

S. N.—Lemons are excellent for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, &c.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.—The Euphrates is termed in the East "The Royal River," from the fact that six hundred and seventy two kings have reigned on its banks.

Effic.—It is much better to wear a simple, styllsh, indoor costume, rather than attempt to adapt anything in tea-gown style to such purposes.

E. J.—Wear gloves as much as possible, sleeping with them for a time, and previously rubbing the hands well with raw beef suet; wash with a mild glyceine soap.

Practical Girl.—Old potatoes are greatly improved by being scaled in cold water overnight, or at least several hours after peeling. The water should be changed once or twice.

Theuslan One.—A better stretcher for a tight shoe than any cobiler's last is to walk through a pool of water, or, if possible, wet grass, and then keep on walk-ing till the boots are dry.

FOOLISH OSE.—No sensible person believes in such super-attitions ideas nowakays. We take it that the gifts that passed between the young women were simply made out of compliment to each other.

Working Mother.—A man joining the navy and deserting at a foreign port would be discharged after bearing his punishment for the offence; that is the general rule.

NEXT TUESDAY WEEK

Will be commenced a New and Original Serial Story of thrilling interest

The Heiress of Ayndcliff,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE GREYSTOKE MYSTERY," "MISS GILMOUR'S SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CURIOUS.—So far as we know, it is a state similar to that of syncope, wherein the patient continues with-out any sensible motion or respiration, accompanied with a suspension of the action of the brain, and a temporary loss of sensation or volition.

S. V.—Fine veneer sawdust rubbed in with the hand will absorb the grease, soften and cleanse the fur; throw away what you first use, employ fresh and fresh till all the grease is gone; then beat sharply with a cane to get out the dust.

ANNIGE.—No one is expected to adopt all the attires which are paraded before the public. From the variety exhibited, each has a right to select what most pleases ber, and to modify the patterns or styles which prevail. Ultra fashions should be avoided, if not in harmony with good taste, no matter where they may originate.

C. F.—Hissing is not invariably an expression of disfavour. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutes applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese show their reverence by a hiss.

MARY ANN.

THOUGH the hair is very red On her head,
And her freckles are a ban
To her beauty, not a man
Or a woman, but admires
Mary Ann.

There came upon her

Unaware;
A drunkard's child was she,
In a home of misery.

"Now a helper," said the child,
"I must be."

In the yard, And she said, in accents clear, I will never go for beer; Or drink a drop myself, Father dear!"

Yet so gentle and so mild Was the child, 'That she won that father s heart, Till in life he took a start, And resolved to act a far Better part.

Now look across the way, Any day,
And you'll see a sober man,
Talking o'er some household plan
With the earnest little lass,
Mary Ann.

M. K.

H. B. G.—Very long courtships are not as a rule to be recommended, but as courtship furnishes both nar-ties with an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other's characteristics and dispositions before the final word is spoken which bind them together for life, an engagement which exists for a number of months is

CLARRY.—Until a young lady has grown to an age when she is received into society, she should not have a visiting card. It is customary in cities if young girls are taken out, and any necessity arises, to write their names on the visiting cards of their mothers or elder sisters. A schoolgirl is not supposed to be a member of society.

of society.

K. S.—The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the four-teenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where "i" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i"," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

UNHAPPY WIFE.—Our advice to you is to be unmindful of the sneers to which you are subjected in regard to the management of your house. If you please your young husband you should find in his commendation enough to compensate for the ill-natured comments of those who should attend to their own business, and let yours alone.

KATHIR.—Mix well eight egg yolks with eight ounces of engar; dilute with six custard cups of boiling milk and a large cupful of black coffee; pass through a fine strainer, fill the cups and put them in a low pen with boiling water to half their height; take off the frich that may rise to the surface, cover the pan and let simmer gently for twenty minutes. When the custard is well set, let cool in the water, drain, wipe the cups and serves gold. and serve cold.

and serve cold.

Cisay.—Make a lather with white soap and fepid water; have two basins of this; then dissolve one teaspoonful of gum arable and put it in one pint of water (cold) for insing; if your silk is large you must have more gum arable; put in a little vinegar into this water; when all is ready squeeze your silk through both your lathers till it is clean; then rinse in clean cold water, and squeeze out very tightly, do not wring; then rinse in the water with the gum arable and vinegar; squeeze in a towel and from on the right side at once; put a muslin on the top till a little dry.

Anyrous Surveys,—Sea, stoness defea all the

Anxious Sufferer.—Sea-sickness defies all the medical skill in the world; the man who can invent a cure has a fortune in store for him. A great deal depends on temperament and habit of body; some persons are never sea sick, others only under certain conditions. One thing is very certain, vis. that a resolution to master the dire malady has a great deal to do with its cure. It is so difficult to make the effort to get up after a long spell of the horrible nauses, that many people yield themselves a proy to it, and never manage to shake it off. A strong will to get about, and the fresh sea air when you do, are the only cures.

the fresh sea air when you do, are the only cures.

MAUD.—China crape articles can be washed in ordinary scap and water, and will look very well if they are carefully dried. The water should not be too hot, and the best yellow scap should be used. Wash them quickly, and dip them into cold hard water as soon say they come out of the scap. The cold water should have some sait int if the crape articles are coloured. Rinsethem well and squeeze, not wring, them; then hang them in the open air, pinning them quite straight to the line, so that they may hang square. They should be very quickly dried.

Be very quickly dried.

B. V.—All the parrot tribe are fed much alike. Sopped bread sweetened with a little sugar, some mixed birdseed and fruit, of whatever kind is in season, should be given to it. Ferhaps it is moulting, which will account for its feathers coming off. A sure way of keeping all birds in health is to give them plenty of coarse, clean sand that they may run about in and pith at whenever they like. The wires in the bottom of a parrot's cage are cruel and worse than unnecessary. Birds require to stand flat-footed in their sand to keep their feet clean and healthy. A bath very often is another necessity that is often forgotten.

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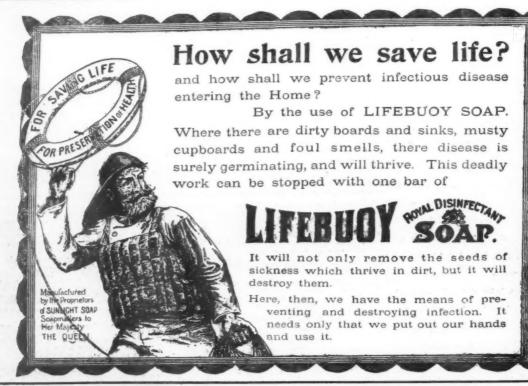
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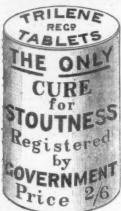
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON READER, 884, Strand, W.C.

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"Yours taithfully, J. R. CANHAM!"

Illustrated Family Novelist, Nov. 30th, 1895, says:—
A great many women who are plump by nature worry about their Stoutness. However, there are some perfectly safe remedies for Embopsint, among them being the Trilene Tablets, which are not only safe, but absolutely beneficial to the general health, and speedily produce the desired effect."

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desired effect."

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"Claremont House, Shrewsbury.
"Dear Sirs,—I have nearly finished your Tablets, and cannot speak too highly of them. They do me good in many ways, being a valuable tonic and bracer-up of the nervous system, and being of a gouty tendency, they have also done me good in that way. I am very much thinner.
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